THE CRISIS

APRIL, 1912

EASTER

Publishers' Chat with Readers

ENLARGEMENT

With this edition THE CRISIS becomes a magazine of 52 pages. We hope always to keep the magazine small and readable, excellent by the quality rather than by the amount of matter presented.

NEW TYPE—Our printer begged a month's respite before installing wider columns and new and more readable type. These changes will therefore inaugurate the opening of the fourth volume.

NEW OFFICERS—We began in one room, like all good things, and we had space to share. We overflowed into three rooms in three months and hastily engaged offices on another floor of the Evening Post Building, where we had a suite of four rooms. Here we sat down and breathed freely—for about one month. Then the desks multiplied and the visitors came crowding; there were the new addressograph, the new multigraph, and so many new typewriters that we lost count. In short, we must have more room or step on each other.

Beginning, therefore, with April 15, we shall occupy a whole floor of the Evening Post annex—about 1,600 square feet of space. Here the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and THE CRISIS will occupy eight offices, beside a small reception room, a library, a large workroom and dressing rooms. As soon as we are settled, please call.

THE GROWTH OF THE CRISIS—From the printing of the first copy of THE CRISIS our policy has been to tell the exact truth as to its circulation. Some of our business advisers thought this inadvisable, but we have maintained our position. We publish here again the facts as to our circulation:

Nov.	1910	1,000	June	1911	12,000
Jan.	1911	3,000	July	1911	15,000
Mar.	1911	6,000	Dec.	1911	16,000
Apr.	1911	10,000	Apr.	1912	22,500

Practically the whole edition, each month, has been sold, less than 500 copies on the average being returned, and very few samples being sent out.

THE MAY CRISIS—The May CRISIS will be "Conference" Number. Three great churches hold conferences during that month and this seems a fit time to pass their work in careful critical review, to illustrate their leaders and meetings, and in general to give an idea of their work.

There will be a striking cover picture, a cartoon by Adams, and an article on "The Color Line" by Dr. W. Flinders Petrie of London University, the greatest living authority on Egyptology.

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

Published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

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by

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and Introduction

by

W. Dean Howells

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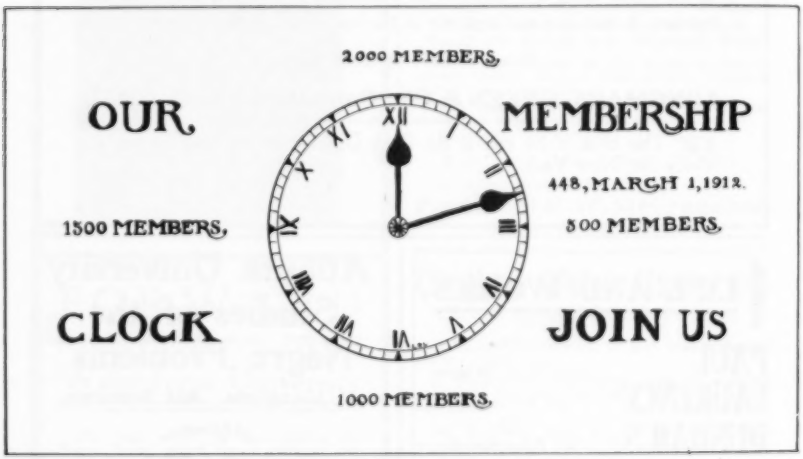

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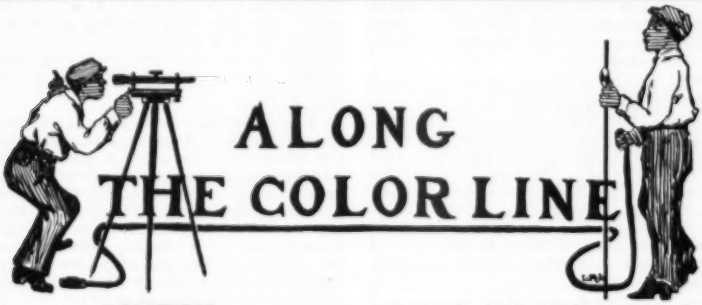
THE CRISIS

Volume Three APRIL, 1912 Number Six



ALONG THE COLOR LINE

POLITICAL.

Mr. George H. Woodson, a colored lawyer of Buxton, Ia., is considering making a race for the legislature. Buxton is a large Negro mining community.

¶ Frederick, Md., has finally given up its fight with the courts and eliminated the "grandfather clause" from its charter.

¶ The colored Republicans of Virginia have been appealing to President Taft against the machinations of the Lily Whites. Colored men from North Carolina are making the same appeal.

¶ It is said that President Taft is somewhat worried concerning the effect of the Roosevelt candidacy on the Negro vote. On the other hand, the Negroes are still remembering Brownsville.

¶ Charles Griffin, a colored member of the Miners' Association of Indiana, received a large vote for office in the recent primaries.

¶ The proposed "grandfather clause" amendment to the Arkansas constitution is being fought by the newly organized Suffrage League among the colored people of Arkansas. The Socialists also seem to be going on record against it.

¶ The Republican party of Louisiana was reorganized by a subcommittee of the national committee a few weeks ago, but the reorganization has caused a big split and things are in as bad a shape as before. The new trouble comes from members of the erstwhile Williams committee, who resent the interference of the national subcommittee in Louisiana Republican affairs. They claim that the Louisiana courts are the proper authorities to which Louisiana Republicans must go for the settlement of differences bearing on the construction of primary election and organization laws and not the National Republican Committee. The national subcommittee settled the old trouble by taking the returns of the Secretary of State of the Republican primary of January 24 as the basis for adjusting the differences. These returns showed the election of eleven of the so-called black-and-tan candidates for State Central Committeemen and awarded that number of committeemen to the Kuntz faction. All the rest were awarded to the Williams faction. The subcommittee awarded seven delegates to the Kuntz faction and thirteen to the Williams faction.

THE GHETTO.

For the first time in the history of Decatur, Ind., Negro children have been allowed to enter the public schools as pupils.

¶ The "Christian Endeavorers" have again distinguished themselves by their attitude toward colored people. At their recent meeting in Washington colored delegates were segregated in the back of the room and nearly half of them walked out in protest.

¶ The American Bar Association is trying to get rid of Hon. W. H. Lewis, who was elected a member by its executive committee before the last annual meeting. The new executive committee has rescinded his election and placed him on the list of candidates to be voted for again. Attorney-General Wickersham and others have sent letters of protest.

¶ Dr. Thomas E. McLain, of Denver, Col., has finally been so intimidated by the white people as to give up building the new house that he had started in a white neighborhood.

¶ The Virginia Senate has passed a bill giving any city or town in the State the right to segregate Negroes.

¶ The Association of American Medical Colleges, at its twenty-second annual convention in Chicago recently, voted to have a "Jim Crow" associate membership for Negro colleges.

¶ The colored people of Chicago and Philadelphia are keeping careful watch of a few reactionaries and their colored tools, who seek to have separate schools for the races.

¶ The House of Delegates of Maryland defeated, by a vote of 76 to 11, the anti-lynching bill which made communities where lynchings occur liable for damages up to $5,000. One of the opponents of the bill said: "It may be true that Ohio and Illinois have this bill in their statutes, but there isn't a Southern State that has it and I believe there are good reasons why all of them should not. I don't think Maryland wants to begin this."

¶ The city of Asbury Park is trying to get rid of its very efficient Negro fire company. The company is carrying the case to higher courts.

¶ William F. Brown, a prominent white Southerner and head of the Southern Female College at LaGrange, Ga., one of the oldest institutions for white girls in the South, was found in an Atlanta hotel with one of his 19-year-old pupils registered as man and wife. Mr. Brown has resigned.

¶ It has leaked out that when Sylvia Pankhurst went to Nashville at the invitation of the local suffrage association, the Nashville League learned that she had accepted an invitation to address the students of Fisk University. They "kept the wires hot between that city and New York," but Miss Pankhurst kept her engagement.

¶ A poor white woman in Montgomery, Ala., tells of her distress as follows: "During the summer, when there was no work at the mill, I worked at a laundry in the city.

"When I first went to the laundry there were fourteen white women. One by one they left, and I had to work with Negroes or throw up my job and see my children starve. There were four of them sick in bed with fever when I finally came to words with one of the Negro women and was myself discharged. Well, I was wretched then, to be sure. I looked high and low for work, but none was to be found. At one time things looked so black for us all that I was desperate. I thought of suicide, and then I remembered my little children, who needed me."

¶ In Knoxville, Tenn., two policemen recently arrested a young white woman of twenty-two who was living with a colored man.

¶ In Miami, Fla., the white people are alarmed because the colored settlement is growing so fast. It is "encroaching" on the whites.

¶ A woman at Allentown, Pa., is seeking a divorce because she has discovered her husband is colored. A white Chicago bartender has married a colored widow, while a colored man, after being refused by several ministers, has succeeded in marrying a white girl at Beloit, Wis.

¶ The superintendent of the County Hospital of Los Angeles, Cal., has asked the supervisors to adopt a policy as to whether or not they will admit Negro women to the nurses' training school. Dr. Whitman declared that it had been reported to him that a young Negro woman had been denied admittance to the school. The question was taken under consideration by the board and will be carefully studied before a decision is rendered.

¶ At Madison, Wis., the Rev. C. H. Thomas and the trustees of the African Methodist Church have addressed an appeal to the public, setting forth that on account of race prejudice the pastor is unable to rent a residence for himself and family. They will call upon the public for aid to enable them to buy a parsonage.

¶ Near Jacksonville, Fla., a Negro brick mason was made foreman. Several of the white bricklayers stopped work, but the job is still going ahead.

¶ The question of providing amusements for colored people or allowing them the same rights of other citizens in places of amusements continually comes to the fore.

In Montgomery, Ala., a white man was about to open a moving-picture show for colored people, but was forbidden to by the city authorities on the ground that it was on one of the main streets.

In Springfield, Ill., and Perth Amboy, N. J., and Paterson, N. J., Negroes are protesting against the color line in picture shows and cafés.

In New York City the question of the rights of colored people in theatres is again being taken to court.

¶ The Domestic Workers' Union of Auckland, New Zealand, recently protested strongly against the unfair competition involved by the practice of a system of importing colored boys into the dominion for domestic service. The Ministers of Labor stated in the House of Representatives that inquiries will be made into the matter, and if it is found that the importation of this class of labor is likely to affect New Zealand workers, steps will be taken with a view to stopping the practice.

EDUCATION.

Charles M. Melden has been inaugurated president of New Orleans University. A feature of the inauguration was the presence of the presidents of the schools of the Freedmen's Aid Society. Tulane University was also represented, and their representative, Dr. B. V. L. Dixon, asserted that education was for all the people and that no one had the right to deprive or deny to anyone the enjoyment of this blessing; that it was better for all that all the people be educated. Among the others who made addresses were James H. Dillard, agent of the Slater Fund; Dr. Robert E. Jones, editor of the Southwestern Advocate, and Dr. M. C. B. Mason, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. In his address Dr. Melden took occasion to remark that a prominent colored educator went too far when he advised the Negro to "get money, get property, and after that you will have time enough for religion and culture." Dr. Melden said that such an emphasis upon material things constitutes a peril.

¶ Wichita, Kan., is erecting a new school for colored children at a cost of $29,000. It will have a large auditorium and manual training and domestic science.

¶ Mr. W. J. Edwards, principal of Snow Hill Institute, writes that in Wilcox County, Ala., (according to the report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1910) there are 10,758 Negro children of school age and 2,000 white children. The school expenditure in Wilcox County for 1910 was $33,952.45, of which $3,339.70 was spent on the 10,758 Negro children and $30,612.75 was spent on the 2,000 white children. The expenditure for Negro children was, therefore, less than 32 cents per capita; for white children, about $15.30 per capita. In the seven counties surrounding and touching Wilcox County there are, according to the same report, 64,285 Negro children of school age, for whom $47,719.24 was appropriated in 1910. In these same counties there are 21,841 white children of school age, who receive $224,842.32. The tabulated report below indicates the distribution of this money:

	Negro Children		White Children	
Counties	Pop.	Appor.	Pop.	Appor.
Monroe	5,107	$3,605.08	3,568	$24,309.12
Dallas	15,860	14,567.10	2,629	45,734.58
Lowndes	11,633	8,694.94	1,304	28,371.20
Butler	6,919	4,800.00	5,038	34,000.00
Clarke	6,054	4,584.12	4,323	27,706.06
Marengo	10,060	3,945.50	2,742	39,380.54
Perry	9,452	7,522.50	2,239	25,340.54
	64,285	$47,719.24	21,843	$244,842.32

SOCIAL UPLIFT.

The North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association, a colored insurance company, whose headquarters are at Durham, N. C., is doing a business of $260,000 a year and has not a single unpaid claim.

¶ Delegate Pegg, the colored city sealer of weights and measures of Omaha, Neb., was unanimously elected sergeant-at-arms of the Seventh Annual Conference of Weights and Measures of the United States, which took place at the Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C.

¶ In the Graded Sunday School Teachers' Union of all the churches of Buffalo, N. Y., there are three educational leaders of the section groups, of whom Mrs. Mary B. Talbert, a colored woman, is one. Mrs. Talbert is a member of the Advisory Board of the N. A. A. C. P.

¶ The Hubbard Hospital, a part of Meharry Medical College, has been given $10,000 by Andrew Carnegie.

¶ Matthew Henson has published his travels in a volume entitled "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole."

¶ Senator Root, from the Committee on Expositions, has reported favorably to the Senate a bill to appropriate $250,000 for the Negro exposition celebrating the emancipation.

¶ The Southern Commercial Congress, which meets at Nashville, Tenn., this month, will have among its conferences one on Negro education, under W. D. Weatherford, a white Y. M. C. A. secretary who has made some study of the colored people.

¶ The 142d anniversary of the death of Crispus Attucks was observed by the colored people of Cambridge.

¶ Figures from 148 of the 600 colored women's clubs in the land reported, in 1910, $57,387 collected during the year; $120,950 in club property; 3,664 members; and the taxable property owned by the club members amounted to $18,776,860.

¶ Mr. Booker T. Washington and friends have been in the State of Florida making speeches.

¶ The Senate of the State of New Jersey has passed a bill carrying an appropriation of $20,000 to aid in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of emancipation. It is thought that the bill will eventually become a law.

¶ The Flanner Guild, a social settlement in Indianapolis for colored people, has lost its white donor and chief promoter, Mr. F. B. Flanner, who committed suicide recently. It is expected that the work of the guild will be continued.

¶ A Colored Women's Civic Club, with 125 members, has been formed in Indianapolis.

¶ The Young Men's Business League of Brooklyn, N. Y., under its president,

Mr. A. J. Loring, is pushing out in many lines of business endeavor. Among other things they are agents of THE CRISIS.

¶ At a mass meeting in Zion Baptist Church, Philadelphia, lynch law was attacked and Mr. Booker T. Washington severely criticised. Mr. John E. Milholland and Dr. W. A. Sinclair spoke.

¶ The twenty-fourth annual conference of the Teachers' and School Improvement League of Virginia has been held at Lynchburg, Va. They reported that local, county and city leagues number more than 600 and have raised over $15,000 during the year to help the colored school system.

¶ A report from Galveston states that the 8,000 colored people there have four public schools, representing $50,000, own 250 homes valued at $200,000 and fifteen churches valued at $120,000. There are 100 colored people engaged in business and eight organizations owning real estate. There are 1,500 colored stevedores during the busy season. The total wealth represented by the colored people is estimated at $600,000.

¶ A delegation of Negro clergymen called upon the board of education of Orange, N. J., to ask that there be no discrimination in the appointment of teachers on account of color.

¶ Solomon Phillips, of Uniontown, Pa., has left a part of his estate to Tuskegee Institute.

¶ A company of Negroes at Austin, Tex., has secured control of real estate to the amount of $100,000. They propose to operate a banking and trust company.

¶ Mrs. Alice M. Dismukes, who has charge of the laundry at Fisk University and is also a graduate of the normal department, has given her accumulated wages, amounting to $1,000, toward the erection of a building for the musical department of the institution.

¶ J. P. Bond, of Birmingham, Ala., has established the Southern Business College, which has special courses in shorthand, typewriting and general business lines.

CHURCH.

There is continued unrest among the colored membership of the M. E. Church. The colored Bishop Scott is leading a movement looking toward the erection of a new church of the colored members exclusively. Others are opposing this. But they, on the other hand, are reviving the demand for Negro bishops, and without a doubt there is going to be some sharp discussion at the coming general conference. There are 325,000 colored members, for whom two bishops are asked.

¶ South Carolina is becoming the center of a spirited debate on the question of electing an Episcopal suffragan bishop. Bishop Guerry has raised funds for the support of such a bishop, but he is meeting considerable opposition.

¶ The semi-annual session of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church has been held in Baltimore, under the presidency of Bishop Turner.

¶ Cardinals Gibbons and Farley and Archbishop Prendergast have issued an appeal for Negro and Indian missions. They refer to Negroes as "but recently raised from slavery and savagery with childlike minds, lacking that development which other races have had for centuries!"

ECONOMICS.

Two young colored men, born in Texas but bred in California, have invented an electrical device for controlling traffic in congested districts. The invention takes the appearance of a four-sided railroad semaphore. It is electrically operated and obviates the necessity of the crossing policeman standing in the middle of the street. Instead, he may stand on any one of the corners and by pressing a button sound the signal and change the signs. The inventors are C. R. Bailey and W. O. Warren.

¶ A colored school in Greenville County, S. C., has a curious little local extension fund by which the patrons have purchased a few acres of land, and this is cultivated and the profits turned over to the school. In the past fall they raised six bales of cotton. This extra income helps them to pay a higher salary to the teacher and consequently gets a better teacher.

¶ The Pythians Saving and Loan Association, capitalized at $100,000, filed articles of incorporation at Indianapolis last month.

PERSONAL.

The Eighth Ward Settlement, at 922 Locust Street, Philadelphia, which represents an outlay of $25,000 and requires $6,000 a year, is supported by a white philanthropist, W. W. Frazier, and is doing a most important and interesting work.

¶ John B. Parker, a pioneer, and one of the best-known colored citizens of Spokane, Wash., has recently died. He went to Spokane in 1881.

¶ Mr. James Elliot, a wealthy citizen of Binghamton, has recently died at the age of 101 years. He made considerable money through real estate.

¶ Mr. C. D. McClelland, who has a successful plumbing and gas-fitting business at 240 East 33d Street, Chicago, is the first Negro master plumber to pass the examiners of plumbers in the State of Illinois.

¶ Prof. Thomas M. Gregory has been restored to his position at Howard University. Mr. Gregory was rather summarily dismissed for the alleged crime of drinking a glass of beer in public, but wiser counsels prevailed and after some delay justice has been done.

¶ Major Taylor, the celebrated bicycle racer, has invented a metal spring tire which, he says, will revolutionize the commercial truck tire business.

¶ Miss Dorothy Coates, of Spokane, Wash., has the distinction of being the first colored woman to be called for jury duty in the United States.

¶ A recent pronouncement on racial intermixture says:

"There is as much an American type to-day as there is an English type or a French type. The population of the United States is no more mixed than any of the great European nations, with the possible exception of the Scandinavians—Norway and Sweden.

"Every race that ever amounted to anything was always mixed and therefore always progressing. Any nation which shuts itself up and receives nothing from the outside world must perforce degenerate.

"When many races meet the tendency is for the community as a whole to shed off the defects and retain the good qualities of its component parts.

"If you were to take a hundred men of half a dozen different races, shave their heads and color them all dead black, it would be impossible even for an expert to pick them out correctly. In 75 per cent. of the cases you could not tell to what race they belonged."

¶ At the annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held at Wichita, Kan., Miss Ida R. Cummings of Baltimore was made reserve field secretary for young people's work. Miss Cummings will make the anniversary address for the society at the Washington and Delaware conference.

¶ Miss May Belcher, who has been associated with the Lucy Laney School at Augusta, Ga., for several years, spent the month of December in the Y. W. C. A. Training Center at New York City, and has gone to fill the secretaryship in the association recently organized at St. Louis.

ART.

The unveiling of a life-size portrait of Wendell Phillips took place March 5 at the Wendell Phillips School in Boston, Mass. Mr. Edwin D. Mead and Darius Cobb, artist, addressed the pupils at the presentation services. The artist is Cloyd Boykin, a Virginian by birth, and a graduate from Hampton Institute. The painting, which was made from a little wood-cut print, has attracted much attention by its faithful likeness and is considered a remarkable piece of work, as the painter has never had the advantage of art training.

Mr. Boykin came to Boston a year ago with the hope that he might find opportunity for study. The unusual talent, as shown in the Phillips painting, has attracted the notice of artists and has won for him the interest of friends who have made it possible for him to enter the art school connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where he is receiving instruction under the best art instructors of Boston.

¶ Mr. Carl R. Diton, pianist, of Philadelphia, Pa., has accepted a position as teacher of music at Payne College, Augusta, Ga.

¶ Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford has recently been appointed instructor in the department of vocal expression, connected with the Washington Conservatory of Music at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Clifford is honorary president of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs.

¶ Mr. Kemper Harrold, formerly orchestral conductor and pianist of Chicago, Ill., has been appointed teacher of piano at the Atlanta Baptist College, Atlanta, Ga.

¶ On February 19, in Chicago, Ill., the Choral Study Club, Mr. Pedro T. Tinsley, conductor, gave their thirty-fifth concert, presenting the "Lauda Sion," by Mendelssohn, and "The Seven Last Words of Christ," by Th. DuBois. The soloists were Cora Spriggs, soprano; Diana Hackley, contralto; Wm. H. Hackney, tenor, and T. Theodore Taylor, baritone. The accompanists were Gertrude Jackson and Mrs. Pelagie Blair.

In 1900 the Choral Study Club was organized under the leadership of Pedro T. Tinsley, who, by his perseverance, uncompromising artistic ideals and exceptional ability for instructing and directing a chorus, has brought the club to a high place among choral organizations.

The work of the chorus is marked by clarity of tone, clear annunciation and precision of attack and a remarkable sensitiveness to musical expression.

The object of the organization is to maintain a chorus for the study and performance of modern works, as well as

to present the great choral compositions of the best masters, assisted by prominent soloists of the race.

¶ The Pre-Lenten Recital and Assembly, which is given annually in New York City under the management of Walter F. Craig, was held February 15 at Palm Garden. The artists were Mme. Octave Dishman, soprano; Mr. A. W. Smith, tenor; Mr. J. T. Butler, reader, and Mr. H. Emanuel, violinist. Mr. Melville Charlton was the accompanist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cases of alleged human sacrifice still come up occasionally in the Indian criminal courts, and one of them, just ended, has been causing an unusual amount of interest in the United Provinces.

A young girl, gathering firewood in a wood in the Mirzapur district, was struck down with a stick by a man who was digging earth. Her companions having run off to the village in terror, the man took up the girl, pushed her into the pit he had been digging and then filled in the pit and jumped upon the earth. He was seen by villagers who came seeking the child to be brandishing a stick and crying, "Hail, Mahavir; hail Black Goddess; I offer you a sacrifice!"

¶ Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has just paid a large sum, reported in some cases as high as $400,000, for fifty-seven volumes on the rise of the black Christians in North Africa, called the Copts.

¶ The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has refused to grant a change of venue for the trial of the Coatesville lynchers. They will, therefore, be tried at home, but a large body of evidence has been obtained and a strong fight will be made for a conviction.

AFRICA.

The High Court in the Union of South Africa has recently construed the Cape Town school board act of 1905 to mean that a child who has a mixture of European and African blood is excluded from the schools maintained for the whites. The chief justice in announcing the decision said that it was regrettable that there should be a social chasm between the races, but it undoubtedly existed and affected legislation throughout South Africa.

¶ The total population of the South African Union is 5,379,000, of whom only 1,278,000 are of European stock. The number of the latter, seven years ago, was 1,116,806; Natal has gained only 1,473, and the Cape only 3,436; the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony show gains of 32,756 and 123,554, respectively. The male white population in Natal and Cape Colony has fallen off more than 20,000 in the seven years, and the female white population has increased more than 25,000. Throughout the Union as a whole the gain in white population in the seven years was fourteen per cent., while the native population has increased 566,000, or sixteen per cent.

¶ The recent arrival at Tripoli of a contingent of the black troops from Eritrea was made the occasion of warm demonstrations of welcome by the Italian forces. The Eritrean askaris, with some hundred camel drivers, paraded before the Italian commander, General Frugoni, and performed a kind of fantasia, which seems to have much impressed the native population. General Frugoni made a speech recalling the gallantry and loyalty the newcomers had already shown when fighting under the Italian flag, and expressing the pleasure experi-

AN OFFICIAL GARDEN PARTY, FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE

enced by his soldiers in welcoming them as comrades. It is hoped that the presence of these African Mussulmans in the Italian army may have a conciliatory effect on the Arabs and persuade them of the possibility of terms of good fellowship with the Italian invader.

¶ One of the most prosperous countries in West Africa is British Nigeria. The population of Southern Nigeria is 7,836,189. The progress and development of Southern Nigeria within the last decade have been little short of phenomenal. The surest way of gauging this development is through the medium of the imports and exports of the colony. According to the latest reports, the total value of both imports and exports in 1910 was £11,790,000, exceeding that of any previous year, even the record year, 1909, when the figures reached the then unprecedented amount of £9,540,000. This volume of trade is nearly double what it was seven years ago, when, in 1904, it amounted to only £4,939,000. The revenue now exceeds £1,900,000. Of the total value of exports which, excluding specie and goods in transit, amounted in 1910 to £5,258,000, palm produce constituted four-fifths. The exports of palm oil, which amounted to £1,742,000, and palm kernels £2,451,000, greatly exceeded, both in value and quantity, the record figures of 1909.

¶ Statements as to progress of the Negro tribes around Benito, Africa, are made by a Presbyterian missionary.

"These people," he said, "gave a little more than $8,000 in gold, American money, for education last year. When I began work in Africa ten years ago there was no self-supporting work at all in this district. Now we have fifteen out of our sixteen churches that look after their own work, and one of them is what we call self-propagating—that is, it has a missionary of its own ministering to another tribe. I have seen the number of schools increase from seven to eighty-three. The natives themselves will put up a building and erect a house for the teacher, paying him also a little salary, so that all we have to do is to continue the school. The wages of the laboring man are 10 cents a day, yet this year the grand total of their contributions in our district has been $10,087.04."

CRIME.

The record of lynchings since our last account is as follows:

At Chattanooga, Tenn., three colored men, charged with killing a special officer, were taken from the officer at the courthouse, beaten to death and their bodies riddled with bullets.

At Marshall, Tex., a colored man and a colored woman were lynched because of alleged complicity in the killing of a white man by another Negro.

At Memphis, Tenn., a mob of twenty citizens lynched a colored man for an alleged attempt to assault a girl.

At Starkville, Miss., a Negro was lynched for an alleged assault upon a woman.

At Paducah, Ky., a Negro mortally wounded a clerk in a country store and being pursued by a mob committed suicide.

¶ The trial of the Texans who lynched a Mexican is being carried on in Georgetown, Tex.

¶ Judge Dicker, of the Harrison Street Station, Chicago, said recently: "I have reached the conclusion that the Negroes are less to blame than are the conditions which surround them. It speaks well for the Negroes of Chicago that so many lead honest lives in the face of hardships and temptation. In the months when work is scarce Negroes have a harder time than any other members of the working class, because they are barred absolutely from so many kinds of employment open to the white workers. This condition costs the taxpayers of Cook County more than $100,000 a year directly. Ten per cent. of the prisoners at the Bridewell are Negroes and the maintenance of this number of prisoners is an expense of large proportions."

¶ Rev. Charles P. Tincker testifies as follows: "Justice to the Negroes of our prisons in New York County, particularly the Tombs, or City Prison, and in the Blackwell's Island penitentiary, where I am chaplain, compels me to say that there can be no doubt about the superior behavior of these men while behind the bars.

"One of the conclusions I have reached as a result of my experience with the prisoners is that the Negro is not, as a rule, an habitual criminal. He does not go out of prison, as so many of the whites do, prepared to commit another crime, and interested only in the prospect that it will be of sufficient proportions to atone for the punishment that he has received. It is axiomatic among prison workers that the Negro prisoner can be reformed. He may, after he leaves prison, commit another crime; but on investigation it will be found that even this second offense is not the outcome of deliberate planning. It is more often due to anger, passion, or the circumstances under which he is living."

¶ Gov. Hadley, of Missouri, has pardoned 507 convicts. A large number of these are colored men, and the reason for the pardon is unjust sentences.

DR. C. V. ROMAN

DR. CHARLES V. ROMAN.

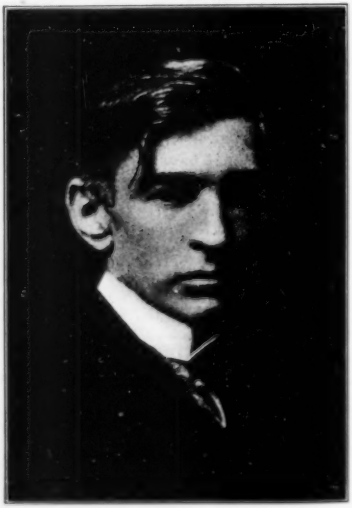
Charles Victor Roman was born in Williamsport, Pa., July 4, 1864. He was educated in the public schools of Canada, began his medical training at the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, and finished it at Meharry Medical College. After several years' practice he began to specialize in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. He afterward took the post course at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and the Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital. The work, however, which has brought him most to the notice of Americans is his editorship of the really admirable Journal of the National Medical Association. This important publication, issued by the colored physicians, is well printed and contains many excellent articles. Dr. Roman has been spoken of as the next editor of the A. M. E. Church Review. We trust, however, that he will not be tempted to leave his professional work for other fields.

DAVID MANNES.

Years ago a young colored boy named Douglass went to Europe and studied the violin under the celebrated Rapoldi, a pupil of the master Spohr. He returned to America; but what was there in America for a colored man who knew music and who knew it better than his white contemporaries? He could do little, but one thing he did do which bore fruit. He saw a little white boy trying to teach himself to play the fiddle. He taught this little boy and the boy is now David Mannes, director of the New York Music School Settlement. Is it not fitting that David Mannes should be the prime mover in the establishment of a music school for Negroes now conducted in this city by David Irwin Martin?

BASKETBALL VICTORS.

The increase of interest among young colored people in athletics is one of the best signs of our time. One of the chief



DAVID MANNES

BASKETBALL TEAM OF M STREET HIGH SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Top Row—E. C. Williams, principal; Ralph Smith, E. B. Henderson, Physical Director. Middle Row—Kelly Miller, Jr., Fred. Randall, J. K. Rector, Harold Tyler. Bottom Row—Wm. Hughes, Vernon Green, Joseph Holland.

centers of this interest is the city of Washington. We are glad this month to present the pictures of the winning M Street High School basketball team in the Washington series. The team won three straight games and lost none, being thus successful over Howard Academy, the Commercial High School and the Armstrong Technical High School. Principal Williams and Director Henderson deserve credit for the personal encouragement which they are giving to this kind of work. Of the grammar-school teams in the District of Columbia, the Garrison School were champions in the lightweight class and the Stevens School in the heavyweight class.

IN GOD'S GARDENS.

O mist-blown Lily of the North,
A-bending southward in thy bloom,
And bringing beauty silver sown
And pale blue radiance of snows—

Lo! sense its sleep-sown subtle breath,
Where wheel in passioned whirl above
All lingering, luring love of love—
All perfume born of dole and death.

O fair white Lily, bowing low,
Above the dream-swept poppy's mouth,
Athwart the black and crimson South—
Why dost thou fear—why dost thou fear?

Cold ghost-wreathed Lily of the North,
When once thy dawning darkens there,
Come then with sunlight-sifted hair
And seek the haunting heaven of Night.

Where, over moon-mad shadows whirled,
The star-tanned mists dim swathe the sky
In phantasy to dream and die—
A wild sweet wedding of the World.

W. E. B. D.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

Attorney-General Wickersham has been the object of several calumnies with regard to his attitude toward his colored assistant. First he was said bitterly to oppose the appointment. Then there was a tale of social difficulties between Mrs. Wickersham and Mrs. Lewis—a lie out of whole cloth, since Mrs. Lewis is living in France for the purpose of educating her children. Finally, however, the Attorney-General has made his attitude so plain that he who runs may read.

The situation grew out of Mr. Lewis's election to the American Bar Association. As Mr. Wickersham says in a public letter:

"The case, then, in a nutshell, is this: The name of Mr. Lewis was recommended to the executive committee by the local committee. The members of the latter committee knew perfectly well that he was colored. They knew also that he had been appointed an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. If the members of the executive committee did not know these facts, it was because they made no independent investigation, but accepted as conclusive the recommendation of the local committee. You, as secretary, addressed to Mr. Lewis an invitation to join the association. He signified his willingness to do so. The executive committee thereupon elected him a member. He paid his dues. Now—six months later—an executive committee, one-third of whose membership has changed since Mr. Lewis was elected, without the faintest shadow of authority in the constitution or by-laws of the association, assumes by its vote to cancel the election and to place Mr. Lewis's name on the list of persons proposed for membership. This action is taken at the instance of certain of your members who object to the membership of a colored man in the association. There being nothing in the constitution or by-laws of the association to limit its membership to white persons, they, nevertheless, arrogate to themselves the power to cancel a previous election had in conformity with the organic law of the association, because the person so elected is not white, and to remit any discussion of the question to the next annual meeting of the association next summer, meantime depriving Mr. Lewis of all rights as a member. In the face of such outrageous action, Mr. Lewis can only appeal to the body of members of the association and invoke their sense of fairness to protest effectively against the unconstitutional and unauthorized proceedings of the executive committee. Neither he nor I can believe that the action of the committee will be approved by any considerable number of the members of the bar who constitute the association."

The president of the American Bar Association, Mr. S. S. Gregory, of Chicago, replies, in part, as follows:

"Every effort was made to represent the matter to Mr. Lewis in such a way as to induce him to relieve the situation by retiring voluntarily, and it was hoped at one time that this had been accomplished. This accounts for the delay referred to by the Attorney-General.

"Finally, after due notice to Mr. Lewis, and after he had declined to appear before the committee, and did not, in fact, appear nor send any representative, the members of the committee, after the most careful consideration, took the action indicated by their resolution of January 4.

"Notwithstanding all efforts to raise an issue not involved, the fact remains that Mr. Lewis was elected to membership in the association under a misapprehension; and he now insists on retaining the advantages of an election thus obtained.

"It would seem as if the proper time to raise this question would be when the report of the executive committee comes before the association, and that this effort thus to recall the decision of the committee is to this extent premature. But of this each member is, no doubt, quite competent to judge.

"I sincerely regret that this controversy has arisen. The members of the committee acted according to their best judgment, without conscious prejudice and in an honest effort to reach a right conclusion."

The case has been widely commented on. From the North has come either silence or disapproval of the course of

the committee. The Lynn Item calls it "pitiful prejudice." "If the executive committee is sustained, the association will proclaim itself as un-American. There ought to be more men in the membership of the calibre of that eminent lawyer and noble man, John A. Andrew, who said: 'I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world. But this I know: that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black.'"

The East St. Louis Journal: "Here is a display of narrowness that is particularly disgusting. Those who are responsible for it try to justify their action by asserting that the American Bar Association is a social body. That is ridiculous. The association is clearly professional in its character. In any event, however, a man of ability, education and culture like Assistant Attorney-General Lewis belongs in the society by right of intellect. On his personal and professional merits he was elected a member. To cast him out because of his color was to offer an insult to manhood regardless of color."

The Boston Journal brings out an interesting point: "The ways of Providence are mysterious, but there is something ironical in the manner in which certain things work themselves out. Here is W. H. Lewis, a Negro, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, regularly chosen a member of the American Bar Association, a group of gentlemen who are sworn officers of the law among other things, illegally cast out of that association to the detriment of the sense and administration of justice. Judged by every decent standard of right, Mr. Lewis should be promptly reinstated, and we have no doubt this will be done. But what makes this action more significant is that Mr. Lewis has always been one of those Negroes who have counseled their fellow Negroes to be moderate in the insistence upon their political rights."

The Des Moines Capital exclaims: "In heaven's name what kind of a record are we making if less than half a century after the martyr's death of Abraham Lincoln we are going to throw every possible obstacle in the way of a man's progress, mock his ambitions and crush his hopes—for no other reason than because his skin is black?"

The New York Evening Post adds: "Attorney-General Wickersham has done a manly and a useful thing in protesting so vigorously against the action of the executive committee of the American Bar Association, which has voted to exclude from membership in the Association Assistant Attorney-General William H. Lewis, on the ground that Mr. Lewis is a Negro. Mr. Wickersham speaks of the committee's 'outrageous' action. It is difficult to say whether it is the outrageous injustice or the outrageous stupidity of such conduct that stands out most conspicuously."

The Chicago Record-Herald says: "To the Record-Herald the whole affair is most astonishing. The excuse that the Bar Association is a social organization and entitled to exclude any element for any reason whatever is lame and far-fetched. The association discusses high questions of law and legal ethics. It professes to stand for high principles and noble purposes. The exclusion of educated, cultured, able and honorable lawyers on account of their race or color is an exhibition of bigotry and stupid prejudice that causes one to hang his head in shame."

The Chicago News asserts that: "There can be no hope that any good thing will come out of the organization until it learns to act in accordance with the essential principles of justice."

The Southern lawyers, however, seem to feel pretty gay. Attorney Lancaster of Chattanooga writes: "The presumptuous interference with the inward affairs of the American Bar Association on the part of the Attorney-General in his official capacity was done for political purposes and that only." Mr. Lancaster further stated in his letter that while he did not care particularly about the election of Lewis, at the same time he thought that no man without self-respect should be a member of the American Bar Association, and that if Lewis insisted on being a member after he had been elected under false pretenses and after he was shown that he was not wanted, he was not fit to be a member of the Bar Association or any other association of professional men.

Much more diverting is the reply of Burton Smith, of Atlanta, brother of Hoke Smith, known to fame. He writes the Attorney-General of the United States: "I had believed that you thought the primary object of the American Bar Association was social equality for the Negro and renomination for President Taft. I am delighted to know that the Attorney-General of the United States is not perverting his office and disgracing his race. I say 'disgracing his race' because I take it for granted you belong to the white race."

Such gentle inuendo is common in the South, because when tossed in a miscellaneous Southern crowd it's apt to hit —somebody. The comedy—or tragedy —of the situation is further emphasized by the fact that Mr. Lewis is the son of a member of one of the first white families of Virginia, and probably not one member of the association out of ten would know he was colored if they saw him.

LYNCHING.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee says:

"Negro lynchings create less and less comment as they grow commoner in the South. Mobs have spent their fury even on two black women recently, most revoltingly, too, without arousing more than faint expressions of protest from some newspapers and scarcely any at all from humanitarian societies.

"A year or so ago the lynchers paused in their bloody work for awhile when a country-wide protest became particularly vehement and officers responded by doing their duty. But relaxation in criticism and indifference have brought about a return to the old conditions.

"Those conditions are even worse than they were before, since mobs are more cruel and lawless than ever. This is illustrated by the incident of the murder of three Negroes in a Southern courtroom one day last week.

"The wrong of these proceedings is apparent. They are in defiance of divine and human law and travesties on civilization.

"The provocation is great in some cases, no doubt, but to kill without trial, without knowing whether the victim is guilty or not, is just as bad, or worse.

"Another national protest is due."

With regard to the lynching of the colored woman in Texas, the Galveston News says that the reason for the lynching in this case was that a man accused of murder alleged that he got the gun from this woman.

The lynching of three Negroes in Tennessee leads the St. Louis Post-Dispatch to say that "this affront to the court and intolerable example of bloodthirstiness should not be permitted to go unpunished. The Negro offender is entitled to all the rights accorded the white man under the law. The court is entitled to respect. The law must be obeyed. If the authorities of Shelby County fail to prosecute and punish the men who shot down three prisoners already in the shadow of the gallows, they will not have done their duty to the State."

On the other hand, a member of the governor's staff in South Carolina is urging, through an editorial in the Anderson Intelligencer, the lynching of William Reid, who is in jail charged with having entered the bedroom of a white woman with the intention of attacking her. This leads the Pittsburgh Post to note that "this is a case in which the law has a chance to assert itself. Colonel Cheshire is a murderer running loose in Anderson County in defiance of law and order. The sheriff and all his deputies are fully cognizant of the offense, and it becomes their duty to arrest this criminal and bring him to the bar of justice."

THE SUPERIOR RACE.

It is a curious study in psychology to notice the calm judicial joy of papers like the Charleston News and Courier at the occurrence of any reactionary deed tending to the degradation of races of men or their alienation. Here is a case in point:

"It is well known that England's policy with inferior races has been the absolute prohibition of social equality. In South Africa, where the Negro question threatened at one time to become as acute as it ever was in the United States, miscegenation is treated as a legal as well as social outrage. No false sympathy is permitted to deracialize the Caucasian.

"The German Secretary of State for the Colonies has issued an order prohibiting marriage between whites and natives in the Samoan Islands belonging to Germany. For a generation German officials have observed the effect of mixed marriages in Samoa. They have studied the matter scientifically, with open minds. They have seen whites sink to the level of their helpmates invariably. That is the woeful fact about these interracial marriages. The one of the higher race inevitably seeks the level of the lower race. In addition, it is observed, the children of such unions seem to inherit the bad qualities of both races, the good qualities of neither."

Once in a while, however, this calm assurance is shaken by some comparatively insignificant thing. The Macon Telegraph quotes the Savannah News concerning two prisoners in Atlanta who were asked to sign certain papers. A young white man of 26 made his mark while the Negro took a pen and wrote his name. This the clerk of the court pronounced "disgusting," and the Telegraph calls it a "Startling Spectacle!" "The Negroes are undoubtedly more earnestly desirous to take advantage of public-school privileges than are large numbers of whites. Even if there were no other arguments in favor of compulsory education, this one alone would be unanswerable."

Again, the New Orleans Picayune, in a long editorial on Weale's demonstration of the conflict of color, says:

"Weale's alarm call to the white race is based on the assumption that the whites as whites are likely to be faced by the colored races in solid array. He calls attention to the fact that the European nations are disunited and cannot act harmoniously in either Asia or Africa, and that they will be so hopelessly outnumbered in the near future that even united action would leave their position hazardous.

"But while a tremendous conflict between the peoples of the Far East and of the West is likely, and it will not be

the first time that Europe was invaded by Asiatics, as the Tartar conquests in Russia and those of the Turks testify, the invaders were not yellow men, but whites; religions, if not race jealousies, will be a great obstruction to any union between the Mussulmans of India and the Buddhists of China and the Shintos of Japan. It will not be easy to bring those diverse races and religionists into a great military combination for the invasion of Europe. They may rally, each race on its own soil, to drive out and exterminate the whites among them, but a vast army made up of a consolidation of those races and religionists marching across Asia to invade Europe would be a condition difficult to accept as a realization.

"In the meantime, whatever else may occur, and it is certain that great nations will arise and grow to vast power and then fall to decay, as they have done in the past, the white race will not only survive, but remain at the summit of development, a position it gained and has occupied from a very early period in human history."

So there, now!

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

Harper's Weekly publishes a heartening echo from North Carolina:

"In Asheville, it seems, as in other places, good people had been having their attention drawn to the social evil by finding it at their own doors—or at any rate across the street or next door, and even in the immediate neighborhood of their churches and schools. Protests were prompt and vigorous, and as they came from people who knew how to secure a hearing and whose wishes counted with any city government, there was comparatively little doubt of getting action from the authorities. So far, so good; but there happened to be one man in Asheville, a minister, the Rev. R. F. Campbell, to whom it occurred to inquire where these disreputable establishments were going when driven from reputable quarters. He had no difficulty in discovering that the mass of them were already in the close neighborhood of the homes and churches and schools of the so-called Negro quarter of the town. They were there, of course, in obedience to a sort of law of the real-estate business, but he wrote to the papers and confessed that he, for one, could not look upon the matter with an easy conscience so long as the Negroes could not protect themselves in this matter and most white people could.

"It was not a subject about which people like to rush into print or make speeches, but Dr. Campbell very soon found that the better people of his own race felt just as he did, and also acknowledged their responsibility; and with good support he set about finding a remedy. For once our Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy in such matters made the remedy easy. It appeared that the entire business was illegal; that the control of it was practically lodged in the hands of one man —the judge of the city police court; and the judge was in sympathy with the movement and not in the least afraid to use his power. The Negro ministers wanted to help, and did so with a simple statement of the facts, addressed to the white ministers, which these in turn presented to Judge Adams, and the judge took such effective action that within a week or two there was not left a single 'social-evil' establishment in sight of a Negro church or school."

THE NEW YORK NEGRO REGIMENT.

The controversy about the Negro regiment in New York is well summed up by two editorials. The Syracuse Herald declares that the regiment is not needed and that, "without intending any reflection upon the colored race, the fact must be recognized that our militiamen do not associate with Negroes in any way; and why, pray, should they be expected to fellowship with them in the militia organization of the State? But it is not solely a matter of race prejudice, though that aspect of the question cannot be ignored. What concerns the public even more is the probability that the plan for a Negro regiment, if carried out, would discourage the military spirit of our citizen soldiers and weaken their pride in the State organization."

To this the Cleveland Plain Dealer replies: "To a casual observer it would seem that the question depends somewhat upon one's conception of the purpose of the National Guard. If it is maintained primarily as a social organization, it is easily believable that the admission of a Negro regiment would be bad for the guard, since it would introduce a fruitful source of friction and misunderstanding.

"But if the guard is designed as a fighting organization—if soldiers rather than society eligibles are desired—it is difficult to see how the establishment of Negro regiments would be otherwise than desirable. It is to the credit of active colored citizens of New York that they desire to see the establishment of the proposed new regiment."

Meantime the Republicans have killed the bill by recommitting it.

LIGHT ON RURAL CONDITIONS.

The American Missionary, the organ of the American Missionary Association, publishes an extremely interesting article by Professor T. S. Inborden, a

colored man of Enfield, N. C., on the vexed question of conditions among the rural Negroes of the South:

"The matter of Negro migration to the cities will be easily solved if it can be made possible for colored people to buy small farms. In this community, in Halifax and Edgecombe counties, there are large farms being sold all the time. They average in area two hundred to two thousand acres. Negroes cannot buy on such a large scale and expect to pay cash. They need farms from twenty-five to one hundred acres. Some of them can pay cash for that size farm. They need to buy on the larger scale in communities where they can add to their holdings from time to time. We could locate a hundred prosperous Negro farmers in five miles of the Joseph Keasbey Brick, Agricultural, Industrial and Normal School, near Enfield, N. C., within a year if we could buy small farms with easy payments. The farmers in this region, as a rule, have large families and practically none of their boys have the city fever.

"Put schools in these centers and put in good teachers. Many schoolhouses for political reasons have been moved several miles from the Negro population, which, of course, reduces the school attendance and is a source of great discouragement to the people who want to educate their children. If Negroes cannot get the good advantages in the community in which they live, they will move to the cities and towns. This is good sense. It is right.

"Good public roads will also help to keep the best Negroes in the country. Equality in the administration of the laws will also help to retard the migration of the Negroes to the towns. Some of the worst lawbreakers in certain communities are immune from arrest, trial and punishment, while others are snatched up for the most trivial offenses and sent to the chain gang. The ignorant know when there is an inequality in the enforcement of law as well as the intelligent. They are unrestful and resentful; this restlessness and resentfulness permeate the society in which they move. Hence, they go direct to the cities and towns.

"I doubt seriously the frequent assertion that if the majority of Negroes owned their farms such ownership would establish them in the good wishes of their white friends. Every Negro who owns his farm takes that much labor, himself, wife and children out of the labor market. This reduces the white man's help, and with the large plantations this reduction in labor would retard seriously the Southern farm output. Truly, they might bring in foreign labor, but it will take many years to adjust Southern conditions to the exactions of foreign help. Certainly, the men who have always had Negro help would not, at once, submit to such exactions.

"No, there is a better way. There are thousands and thousands of acres of land that are not in cultivation, and are in possession of those who are immune to the climate and who know the conditions. These lands might be cleared and ditched by the Government or by the State, but they will not be kept clear until the small farmers get hold of them and depend on them for their living. Then they will be kept cleared, ditched and cultivated.

"I was at the State Farm of North Carolina some years ago and I think I never saw such a fine farm with its produce. I was told by the manager that they could grow such crops only because they could control their labor. The large planter must control his labor if he runs a thousand-acre farm economically. This cannot be done unless the State passes certain laws which will enable large planters to do this. When the State passes laws to enable farmers to control their labor by certain contracts which are unintelligible to the ordinary laborer, it thwarts good government and engenders nothing but hatred toward those who seek the execution of those laws. It creates discontent and tends to lawlessness on the part of the laborer. Very large farms cannot be run without an immense lot of help, and where such are thrown together, as they are on many of the big farms, you may expect bad sanitation and bad morals. This does not make for agricultural progress nor will it keep the Negro people from seeking the cities."

EDUCATION.

"With no vote must necessarily follow no schools," says the St. Louis Advance (colored). "We cannot educate a people and keep them disfranchised. Schools do not promote slavery, peonage or disfranchisement. No disfranchisement can be complete unless it sinks in the same vortex of decitizenzation, suffrage, schools and the proper rights. The men who disfranchise the Negro in the South do not mean to stop with the destruction of his suffrage, but also to restrict him in his education and property franchises. This is not only a matter of course, but is evident in the reduction of the studies of the Negro schools of Louisiana; in the crippling of Negro schools in Virginia by a very insufficient appropriation; in the shortening of the term of colored schools in many of the counties of Maryland; in legislation pending in Mississippi to reduce the curriculum of Negro schools to the crudest studies; in the general

agitation to separate the school fund of Southern States on a race basis. The man must be blind who cannot see that disfranchisement in the South finally means nothing short of the demolition of the entire Negro school system. It is not pessimistic to say when a house is on fire, and there is no effort to extinguish the flames, that the whole fabric will be destroyed."

¶ We believe the time has fully come for the colored people of the State to wake up on the school question and see if some existing laws now operating to the detriment of colored schools cannot be changed.

We believe the law fixes the length of the term of school for all white schools throughout the State, but the length of term for colored schools is left entirely to the discretion of the school commissioners of the several counties. Now, this arrangement has witnessed the cutting down of the school term in many places to just a few months.

Such treatment of our people is so manifestly unfair that we feel it can be changed if the work is gone at intelligently and persistently. Why should the State Law fix the length of the school term for all others within our borders and then leave the colored schools to the mercy of school commissions, who might, for various reasons, political and otherwise, cut the Negro schools short? —Afro-American Ledger.

A TRIBUTE.

About nineteen years ago I was employed on a German daily in Newark, and given instruction to visit the gambling places and write them up for the Sunday edition. Among others, I visited a resort frequented by Negroes. I was the only white man—a superblond Northerner at that—in the crowded hall. The poverty of some women lurked through thin and torn rags and from haggard faces and hungry eyes. I was here confronted with a sight strongly reminding me of the communistic companionship of misery in the catacombs. The thirsty and hungry were fed by those who were more fortunate. But there was present in their midst a spirit of fellowship. Gloom at first had hung over the whole room. But one rough touch on the discordant piano sufficed to awaken the joy of living. I was elated with my experience and instead of a denunciatory article my pen brought forth a hosannah on the communistic instincts of the race. The result was the severance of my connection with that paper and a three months' vagrancy in New York, until, after serving as dish washer and at other labor, I found a place in a drug store.

Six years later I was the proprietor of a drug store in Baltimore. My porter, Walter, a talented musician, a noble character, often had to walk two or three blocks out of his way to avoid the policeman's club. His crime and that of his family, lovable, clean and sober people, consisted in the undeniable fact that they had dark skins.

A Negro, tired and emaciated, on a hot summer day, entered the store for a glass of water. After he left, a white man came in and requested us to break the tumbler. Upon our refusal he declared that his and other neighbors' custom would be withdrawn from us. Soon after I closed the shop and returned to New York.

To-day, as nineteen years ago, I am convinced that if a real leader should emerge from this race and use the latent greatness of the masses for cooperative purposes, his endeavor would culminate in the elevation to an economically and socially useful power of a people who now as a rule have to maintain themselves with the crumbs of society.—F. TH. in the New York World.

¶ So we leave it to the South, and the South denies education to the Negro, and when he does a deed of darkness or ignorance, burns him alive and gives thanks for a "white civilization."

Now, I know that this is not popular talk and is not supposed to be well advised for the great movement of which I am an humble supporter; but for once I am going to have my say about it, elections or no elections, Mississippi or elsewhere; and the thing that is most on my chest is this monstrous injustice of providing the conditions that make evil inevitable and then lynching the victims of the conditions that we ourselves create. So long as that is the case, I should think that the hugest jest in the world was the idea of sending American missionaries to Burma or Rarotonga. We ought to petition Burma and Rarotonga to send missionaries to us.

In the last twenty-five years, 2,458 colored men have been lynched in this country, and in only a minority of the cases has there been any allegation of the crime that is viewed as offering the sole excuse for this monstrous lawlessness.

I should think this fact alone would give a missionary from Rarotonga reason to believe that he had enough to do in the United States.

Having prevented Negroes from obtaining education, the South proceeds to denounce the Negro as ignorant and shiftless, and is vastly indignant because he does things that befit the state of ignorance that the community decrees for him.—Charles Edward Russell in the Coming Nation.

¶ Mr. Sutton seems to think that the Negroes should be educated and that the South owes it to them to do it, as it would make better citizens of them. I differ very materially from Mr. Sutton.

* * * * *

But what does Mr. Sutton hope to do by educating these creatures? Does he hope to make such characters as I have mentioned? Or does he hope to elevate them to a social equality with the white man? If so, why did our Maker not save him this trouble in the beginning? If Mr. Sutton will go to the State prisons and farms he will find a very large majority of the inmates fairly educated, and yet they are convicts. Why is this? From my observation, education inflates nine-tenths of them with arrogance and bigotry, which destroys all tendency to work and supplants it with a desire for idleness, which begets crime.

Mr. Sutton says every well-informed Southerner is willing to confess at least some of the sins he committed in owning slaves. I am a Southerner in the fullest extent of the phrase and was an owner of Negro property from infancy to the close of the Civil War (thirty years), and I cannot recall a single instance that I regret.—A. B. Nibbs in the Houston (Tex.) Post.

The obligation of the Southern writers to make a representation which should accord with the theory of patriarchal ownership was destructive of all vigor. They were under some enfeebling limitation as Landseer would have suffered from had he been compelled to represent in every picture a theory of patriarchal government of dogs. Suppose Landseer had never been permitted to paint a dog that was not happy. Suppose he had never been able to paint a mournful or unfortunate dog. What a restraint it would have been upon the liberty of the artist. The Southern writers were just as much impeded by the necessity they were under never to paint a Negro who was not laughing.—The Independent.

¶ A man and his wife had been lighthouse keepers for twenty-six years. Just now they had been shut off from the mainland for some days and food and supplies ran short. Forced to act, the wife at last ventured ashore and was kept by the weather conditions until after dark. Approaching the lighthouse, the unlighted lamp told of disaster within, and the fears were confirmed when the wife, with assistance summoned, found the keeper dead, kneeling by the bed as though in prayer. But the keeper's wife rallied from the shock to hasten to light the warning signal; and when they took her long-time companion's body ashore, she made no moan that her lot was to remain alone to tend the light that was to save life from danger.

And now the newspaper correspondent in that section has called to mind that in the whole twenty-six years of their service the government has never received any complaint of the management of the light, and he writes that "the keeper and his wife, although Negroes, were esteemed by all who knew them."

Perhaps no higher tribute could have been paid them than to say that, in a State with a critical attitude toward the Negro, these two were esteemed; but the faithfulness they have always maintained and the courage and loyalty the one left has now manifested are not to be judged on the basis of color. That phrase "although Negroes" was meant to emphasize the praise. What it really emphasizes is that qualities of character know no race distinction.—New Bedford Standard.

¶ One thing is certain, as this article will demonstrate, and that is that there is not much to choose between the East and the West in this respect. Missionaries and self-complacent Europeans and Americans declare that woman occupies an exalted social position in the West; that she is respected and honored as man's equal; that she ennobles and purifies society by her presence; that she enjoys true freedom and great opportunities for education, and that she is immeasurably happier, cleverer and nobler in the West than in the backward ignorant Asiatic countries. All this talk is very fine and inspiring, but it has only one small defect: it is false.

* * * * * *

I draw the veil over the darker aspects of the question. The "social evil," a euphemism employed by refined persons in talking of the degradation of thousands of women through poverty and the exigencies of the present marriage system, is the product of these institutions, on which Europe plumes herself. Congresses meet to discuss the "white-slave traffic," which is an organized trade now as it was in the days of Harounal-rashid or the Mahdi. Modern Europe is not a whit better in this respect than Morocco or old Turkestan. The "maiden tribute" is exacted by the rich and the profligate from the working classes to-day as it was in antiquity. Thus Europe honors its women! Those who wish to know more about the human side of this tragedy may read the reports of special commissions and Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." These armies of "abandoned" women are the nemesis of society in the West. Their existence is due not to human depravity, but to

economic conditions and the marriage customs of the people.—Har Dayal in the Modern Review of Calcutta.

¶ "Waking Up Late" is the heading of an editorial in the Macon Telegraph and it points a truth this Association is trying hard to make people understand. "Ex-Governor Hoke of Kansas," says the Telegraph, "who has been inquiring into conditions as they affect the Negroes while touring the country to fill Chautauqua engagements, reports that race prejudice is rapidly increasing in the North; that the Negro is practically barred from white churches; that few hotels will give him accommodations; and that the labor unions shut their doors against him. The ex-Governor from the land of John Brown, who expresses astonishment at the results of his observations, is late in discovering what has been plain to other observers for a long time. 'If we had it all to do over again there wouldn't be any war,' said a young New Yorker in a recent discussion of the Negro question, and probably this is pretty typical of the present attitude of at least the young North."

¶ A newspaper correspondent writes concerning commerce in New York: "I was surprised, while out on the docks, to see the large quantity of African products sent to this country. On the English dock at 14th Street I counted over one hundred hogsheads of palm oil; on the German dock, Hoboken, I saw thousands of bags of African redwood bark, used for tanning leather, and equally as many bags of ivory nuts, used for making buttons. The names of the importers of these products are those of white men. Negroes do not seem to be interested in these ventures. Haitian coffee and Liberian coffee, and even African yams, are imported in large quantities. There must be a market for these products, else they would not come into this port with such regularity and in such great quantities."

¶ The St. Louis Post-Dispatch speaks its mind frankly on the question of segregation: "Neighborhood associations of this city are advocating the passage of an ordinance for the segregation of white and colored races on the Baltimore plan of last spring. White persons are to be forbidden under penalties from moving into blocks in which a majority of the residents are colored, and colored persons are to be forbidden to move into blocks in which a majority of the residents are white.

"The plan is fatuous and futile. The aims of the improvement associations are entitled to sympathy, but the desirability of neighborhoods cannot be conserved in this way. Racial prejudices cannot be crystallized in legal enactments in this country any more than religious prejudices."

¶ "Immediately after the Civil War a young colored man in Alabama determined to win independence," says the New York Survey. "The United States government had given him his freedom, but left him naked and ignorant, without land and without schooling. Even Russia when she freed her serfs went through the form of giving each of them a bit of earth on which to live and to die. John Benson, along with millions of other freedmen, was left to shift for himself; but he did not in the process, like most of them, become shiftless. The first year he worked for pay which was to be a bale of cotton. By good luck cotton was high that year and his bale brought him several hundred dollars. He was no man's hired servant after that. His former master sold him a scrap of land and he bought a mule. That was the beginning of a long, hard-working, honest life. To-day he is the owner of more than 2,000 acres of land and countless mules. At least when he was asked, the other day, how many he had, he laughed and said, 'To tell the living truth I do not know.'

"John Benson lives in the uplands of Alabama, eighteen miles from any railroad, on stony soil. Kowaliga, his home, is away from all modern appliances of culture, save the school which his son was instrumental in establishing some years ago. It is not very far from Wetumpka, where the State of Alabama has a great prison farm. Mr. Benson goes often to Wetumpka and is acquainted with conditions there. He knows all the colored people within a radius of many miles and has more than three hundred on his own land. He has been a tremendous power in keeping these men industrious and honest. He was asked how many had been sent to Wetumpka from this hilltop community. He paused a few minutes, and then replied: 'Not one that I can recollect. They have had to work too hard to have time for mischief.'"

A LOSS OF MEMORY.

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old colored man seated on a dry-goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington. Am I mistaken?"

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "I useter 'member seein' him but I done fo'got sence I jined de church."—Everybody's.

EASTER.

THE winter of Despair has long lain upon our souls. Again and again, out of the awful mists of Nowhere, the cold, white hands of God have crept down and gripped His world until the people shivered and starved and children whimpered in their mothers' arms. So was the day of long night.

Now all is changed.

This is the Resurrection Morning. The world-God stands aloft and smiles with splendor on his brows. The waters trickle, the birds sing, and pulses beat in the eternal hills.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful robes."

There is in this round world neither Death nor Despair, but ever continually, eternally triumphant over mist and mire, crime and cruelty, springs the unending Hope of Life, of Life that is Life, that lives.

This alone is real. These other things that fill and, alas! must fill our pages—murder, meanness, the hurting of little children, the dishonoring of womanhood, the starving of souls—all these are but the unsubstantial smoke and shadow that hide the Real Things. This reality is ever there, howsoever dark the darkness that blackens and hides it.

Richard Brown is real—the modest, good-faced colored boy, told to paint barns when he can paint the morning as he has done on our cover this month; or that Boston black boy told to earn a living when his soul sees visions in the human face; this whole great black and wonderful race (more wonderful perhaps in countless subtle ways than anything this world has seen), whose spirit nothing can break and whose upward rending nothing can stop. This is the Eternal Reality of the Easter of the world; this is the Resurrection of the Hope that burned in the breast of Douglass and Garrison, of Phillips, Langston and John Brown. This is the Hope that never dies.

THE UNQUENCHABLE THIRST.

THERE is a deep and painful silence among certain elements in the Census Bureau since the latest agricultural statistics have appeared. Even John Lee Coulter, who is a clerk in the agricultural division and can see anything detrimental to black folk about as far as the next person, has, we are told, a severe case of lockjaw. The reason for this is the difficulty of finding anything but surprise, praise and congratulation in the record of farm holding among black men. The value of farm property owned and rented by colored farmers has, in the Southern States, increased from 50 per cent. to 225 per cent. in the last ten years. In Texas, for instance, it has gone from $56,000,000 to $113,000,000; in North Carolina from $29,000,000 to $81,000,000, and in Georgia from $48,000,000 to $158,000,000. Nor has this been merely increase in the value of the same land. In these ten States the Negroes controlled, in 1910, 3,683,154 more acres than in 1900. It is not yet possible to separate the land owners and the renters. We only know that the owners have increased in eight States from 125,413 to 149,235 in these ten years. We dare affirm that no class of white peasantry in any European State has in the face of the most favorable ordinary conditions paralleled this record

which the colored people have made in the midst of outrage, discrimination and lawlessness. This is the answer which the young postbellum Negro is making to the Southern gentleman.

FISK UNIVERSITY.

NOT only has the General Education Board done very little for higher education among colored people, leaving the best of their tottering colleges to struggle on unaided, but even when, in response to repeated appeals, it offered help to Fisk University, the conditions accompanying the offer were so onerous that the board could hardly have expected them to be fulfilled. Fisk University is the largest and oldest colored college in the South. It has a record of effective work and influence which few white institutions in the land can match. The quality and standing of its work are far above that of the University of Virginia or the University of Georgia, and probably equal to that of Vanderbilt. The work of Fisk has been done with a wretchedly restricted income, almost without State aid and without endowment. To such an institution the General Education Board offers $60,000, on condition that the institution raise $240,000, four times as much, itself, and at the same time keep out of debt!

Industrial schools like Hampton and Tuskegee have repeatedly gotten donations from the board with easy conditions; white Southern colleges have gotten gifts on condition of raising dollar for dollar; if we mistake not, the hardest condition usually imposed is that the college must raise two, or even three, dollars to each dollar of donation. In the case of Fisk University, four dollars must be begged for every one dollar donated. The conditions are unfair. Nevertheless, they ought to be met. The very fact that failure was possibly expected should be incentive to make every graduate and friend of Fisk give to the cause. Over $125,000 has been pledged, but nearly $115,000 is still needed. The alumni are bending every effort. Will not the friends of manhood and education among Negroes rally to this great cause?

THE SERVANT IN THE SOUTH.

DURING slavery days the house servants were rewarded with extra privileges, among which were the left-over food and cast-off clothing of the "big house." This easily became, under the less rigorous forms of serfdom, a sort of payment in kind for personal service, and now and then "tips" in actual money were given. When formal emancipation came the servants were promised wages, but as a matter of fact the wages were seldom paid in cash, while a money value was often given to the food and old clothes. This old custom could easily degenerate into something very like stealing, and yet the custom could seem justifiable in the eyes of the ignorant, especially when their wages were low and often unpaid, and when they saw mistresses wink at and even expect peculations of this sort. On the other hand, colored servants are not dishonest; money, jewelry and the like are safe in their hands with few exceptions.

The result of the old system was unrest among servants, and the more intelligent and thrifty escaped from domestic service into the care of their own homes or day's work or other industrial avenues. Or if they continued in service they went North, where instead of receiving $1.50 a week in old clothes and cold victuals, they could earn $5 and $6 a week in cash.

Moreover, the conditions under which a colored servant in the South must work are the worst in the civilized world. The hours are endless, the quarters are poor, the deference demanded is unbearable to people of the least spirit, and the assumption of the natural inferiority of the servant is almost universal.

Not only this but there is in the majority of cases in the South absolutely no protection for the black girl's virtue in the white man's home. Everybody knows that the mulatto both before and since slavery was the outcome of house service.

What is the result? Poor and unwilling service. The best Negroes are withdrawing their sons and daughters from house service just as quickly as they can, and they deserve commendation for so doing. Even those Negroes who publicly commend house service are curiously careful to keep their children out of it. Those who cannot escape are demanding shorter hours, proper wages and better treatment. And those Southern families who can keep their black servants but three weeks would better ask advice of their neighbors who keep good and faithful black servants for ten and twenty years.

Instead of responding to a legitimate demand for change in working conditions, the majority of Southerners take their usual refuge in whining and shrieking "Negro" problem. Every time that the white South runs head foremost into the inevitable laws of nature by trying to keep slavery, establish peonage, deny manhood rights to men and degrade decent women—every time the South tries this there is a mawkish sentimentality throughout the North to encourage the idea that these laws are not human but peculiar or racial.

If people pay their laborers low wages and cheat them out of even these, they will get cheap labor, whether that labor be black, white or blue.

If the South or the North wants decent domestic service it must

(1) Pay decent wages.

(2) Give shorter hours and more definite duties.

(3) Treat servants as men and women and not as cattle.

The people that are unwilling to do this will find the "servant problem" always with them, even though they nickname it a "Negro" problem.

MODEST ME.

THE editor of THE CRISIS assumes to be a fairly modest man as modesty goes in these trumpeting times; but with some diffidence he admits to a swelling of pardonable pride at a certain occurrence in South Carolina which the papers of that realm, with somewhat singular unanimity, have omitted to notice.

Some time since—to be exact, in 1901—the editor and certain other persons (among them the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, then unknown to a newer kind of fame) were asked to write on "Reconstruction" for the Atlantic. The editor concocted an article which he liked quite well, and in turn the Atlantic was persuaded to publish it. It was called "The Freedman's Bureau." It caused no stir in the world, but the editor kept it carefully in his archives to gloat over now and then in the fastnesses of his study when the family had retired. Very well.

Some time in 1911 the Wade Hampton Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy offered a medal to the student of the University of South Carolina writing the best article on "The Freedman's Bureau." Mr. Colin W. Covington, of Bennettsville, S. C., won the coveted prize, and his essay was published in the Columbia State, January 28, 1912.

Imagine, now, the editor's gratification on reading this work of genius to discover that nearly one-half of the essay, and that the important and concluding half, was the editor's own work from his Atlantic essay of 1901. A single quotation will indicate more clearly this new instance of racial concord:

From Colin W. Covington's essay on "The Freedman's Bureau," which won the Daughters of the Confederacy medal.

In a distracted land, where slavery had hardly fallen, to keep the strong from wanton abuse of the weak, and the weak from staring with hate over the half-shorn strength of the strong, was a thankless, hopeless task. The former masters of the

From "The Freedman's Bureau," by W. E. B. Du Bois, Atlantic Monthly, 1901.

In a distracted land, where slavery had hardly fallen, to keep the strong from wanton abuse of the weak, and the weak from gloating insolently over the half-shorn strength of the strong, was a thankless, hopeless task. The former masters of the

land were absolutely ordered about, seized and imprisoned, and punished over and again, with almost no courtesy from army officers. The former slaves were intimidated, beaten, raped and butchered by angry and revengeful men. Bureau courts tended to become centers simply for punishing whites, while the regular civil courts tended to become solely institutions for perpetuating the slavery of blacks. Almost every law and method ingenuity could devise was employed by the legislatures to reduce the Negroes to serfdom—to make them the slaves of the State, if not of individual owners; while the bureau officials too often were found striving to put the "bottom rail on top," and give the freedmen a power and independence which they could not yet use. It is all well enough for us of another generation to wax wise with advice to those who bore the burden in the heat of the day. It is full easy now to see that the man who lost home, fortune and family at a stroke, and saw his land ruled by "mules and niggers," was really benefited by the passing of slavery. It is not difficult now to say to the young freedman, cheated and beaten about, who has seen his father's head beaten to a jelly and his own mother namelessly assaulted, that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Above all, nothing is more convenient than to heap on the freedmen's bureau all the evils of that evil day and damn it utterly for every mistake and blunder that was made.

land were peremptorily ordered about, seized and imprisoned, and punished over and again, with scant courtesy from army officers. The former slaves were intimidated, beaten, raped and butchered by angry and revengeful men. Bureau courts tended to become centers simply for punishing whites, while the regular civil courts tended to become solely institutions for perpetuating the slavery of blacks. Almost every law and method ingenuity could devise was employed by the legislatures to reduce the Negroes to serfdom—to make them the slaves of the State, if not of individual owners; while the bureau officials too often were found striving to put the "bottom rail on top," and give the freedmen a power and independence which they could not yet use. It is all well enough for us of another generation to wax wise with advice to those who bore the burden in the heat of the day. It is full easy now to see that the man who lost home, fortune and family at a stroke, and saw his land ruled by "mules and niggers," was really benefited by the passing of slavery. It is not difficult now to say to the young freedman, cheated and cuffed about, who has seen his father's head beaten to a jelly and his own mother namelessly assaulted, that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Above all, nothing is more convenient than to heap on the freedmen's bureau all the evils of that evil day and damn it utterly for every mistake and blunder that was made.

All this is easy, but it is neither sensible nor right. Someone had blundered before Oliver Howard was born; there was criminal aggression and heedless neglect, but without some system of control there would have been far more than there was. Had that control been from within the Negro would have been reenslaved to all intents and purposes. Coming, as the control did, from without, perfect men and methods would have bettered all things and even with imperfect agents and questionable methods, the work accomplished was not without much praise.

All this is easy, but it is neither sensible nor right. Someone had blundered, but that was long before Oliver Howard was born; there was criminal aggression and heedless neglect, but without some system of control there would have been far more than there was. Had that control been from within the Negro would have been reenslaved to all intents and purposes. Coming, as the control did, from without, perfect men and methods would have bettered all things and even with imperfect agents and questionable methods, the work accomplished was not undeserving of commendation.

There is nothing to mar the fulness of the tribute here involved—not even quotation marks!

More might be quoted to the extent of two or three of these pages, but let us forbear. Were the editor a grasping man he might (either for himself or for his race) ask to have a large share of that medal clipped from the proud young Southern breast that bears it and pinned on his own. But no. Sufficient be the secret sense of desert and warmest flattery, and the editor yields to vanity only to the extent of bringing all this to the attention of his assiduous friend, the Charleston News and Courier, whose frequent sallies have in the past caused him much innocent amusement.

THE DOLL

A story written for THE CRISIS by CHARLES WADDELL CHESNUTT

Author of "The Conjure Woman," "The House Behind the Cedars," etc.

(Copyrighted 1912.)

When Tom Taylor, proprietor of the Wyandot Hotel barber shop, was leaving home, after his noonday luncheon, to return to his work, his daughter, a sprightly, diminutive brown maid, with very bright black eyes and very curly, black hair, thrust into his coat pocket a little jointed doll somewhat the worse for wear.

"Now, don't forget, papa," she said, in her shrill childish treble, "what's to be done to her. Her arms won't work, and her legs won't work, and she can't hold her head up. Be sure and have her mended this afternoon, and bring her home when you come to supper; for she's afraid of the dark, and always sleeps with me. I'll meet you at the corner at half-past six—and don't forget, whatever you do."

"No, Daisy, I'll not forget," he replied, as he lifted her to the level of his lips and kissed her.

Upon reaching the shop he removed the doll from his pocket and hung it on one of the gilded spikes projecting above the wire netting surrounding the cashier's desk, where it would catch his eye. Some time during the afternoon he would send it to a toy shop around the corner for repairs. But the day was a busy one, and when the afternoon was well advanced he had not yet attended to it.

Colonel Forsyth had come up from the South to attend a conference of Democratic leaders to consider presidential candidates and platforms. He had put up at the Wyandot Hotel, but had been mainly in the hands of Judge Beeman, chairman of the local Jackson club, who was charged with the duty of seeing that the colonel was made comfortable and given the freedom of the city. It was after a committee meeting, and about 4 in the afternoon, that the two together entered the lobby of the Wyandot. They were discussing the platforms to be put forward by the two great parties in the approaching campaign.

"I reckon, judge," the colonel was saying, "that the Republican party will make a mistake if it injects the Negro question into its platform. The question is primarily a local one, and if the North will only be considerate about the matter, and let us alone, we can settle it to our entire satisfaction. The Negro's place is defined by nature, and in the South he knows it and gives us no trouble."

"The Northern Negroes are different," returned the judge.

"They are just the same," rejoined the colonel. "It is you who are different. You pamper them and they take liberties with you. But they are all from the South, and when they meet a Southerner they act accordingly. They are born to serve and to submit. If they had been worthy of equality they would never have endured slavery. They have no proper self-respect; they will neither resent an insult, nor defend a right, nor avenge a wrong."

"Well, now, colonel, aren't you rather hard on them? Consider their past."

"Hard? Why, no, bless your heart! I've got nothing against the nigger. I like him—in his place. But what I say is the truth. Are you in a hurry?"

"Not at all."

"Then come downstairs to the barber shop and I'll prove what I say."

The shop was the handsomest barber shop in the city. It was in the basement, and the paneled ceiling glowed with electric lights. The floor was of white tile, the walls lined with large mirrors. Behind ten chairs, of the latest and most comfortable design, stood as many colored barbers, in immaculate white jackets, each at work upon a white patron. An air of discipline and good order pervaded the establishment. There was no loud talking by patrons, no unseemly garrulity on the part of the barbers. It was very obviously a well-conducted barber shop, frequented by gentlemen who could afford to pay liberally for superior service. As the judge and the colonel entered a customer vacated the chair served by the proprietor.

"Next gentleman," said the barber.

The colonel removed his collar and took his seat in the vacant chair, remarking, as he ran his hand over his neck, "I want a close shave, barber."

"Yes, sir; a close shave."

The barber was apparently about forty, with a brown complexion, clean-cut features and curly hair. Committed by circumstances to a career of personal service, he had lifted it by intelligence, tact and industry to the dignity of a successful business. The judge, a regu-

lar patron of the shop, knew him well and had often, while in his chair, conversed with him concerning his race—a fruitful theme, much on the public tongue.

"As I was saying," said the colonel, while the barber adjusted a towel about his neck, "the Negro question is a perfectly simple one."

The judge thought it hardly good taste in the colonel to continue in his former strain. Northern men might speak slightingly of the Negro, but seldom in his presence. He tried a little diversion.

"The tariff," he observed, "is a difficult problem."

"Much more complicated, suh, than the Negro problem, which is perfectly simple. Let the white man once impress the Negro with his superiority; let the Negro see that there is no escape from the inevitable, and that ends it. The best thing about the Negro is that, with all his limitations, he can recognize a finality. It is the secret of his persistence among us. He has acquired the faculty of evolution, suh—by the law of the survival of the fittest. Long ago, when a young man, I killed a nigger to teach him his place. One who learns a lesson of that sort certainly never offends again, nor fathers any others of his breed."

The barber, having lathered the colonel's face, was stropping his razor with long, steady strokes. Every word uttered by the colonel was perfectly audible to him, but his impassive countenance betrayed no interest. The colonel seemed as unconscious of the barber's presence as the barber of the colonel's utterance. Surely, thought the judge, if such freedom of speech were the rule in the South the colonel's contention must be correct, and the Negroes thoroughly cowed. To a Northern man the situation was hardly comfortable.

"The iron and sugar interests of the South," persisted the judge, "will resist any reduction of the tariff."

The colonel was not to be swerved from the subject, nor from his purpose, whatever it might be.

"Quite likely they will; and we must argue with them, for they are white men and amenable to reason. The nigger, on the other hand, is the creature of instinct; you cannot argue with him; you must order him, and if he resists shoot him, as I did.

"Don't forget, barber," said the colonel, "that I want a close shave."

"No, sir," responded the barber, who, having sharpened his razor, now began to pass it, with firm and even hand, over the colonel's cheek.

"It must have been," said the judge, "an aggravated case, to justify so extreme a step."

"Extreme, suh? I beg yo' pardon, suh, but I can't say I had regarded my conduct in that light. But it was an extreme case so far as the nigger was concerned. I am not boasting about my course; it was simply a disagreeable necessity. I am naturally a kind-hearted man, and don't like to kill even a fly. It was after the war, suh, and just as the reconstruction period was drawing to a close. My mother employed a Negro girl, the child of a former servant of hers, to wait upon her."

The barber was studying the colonel's face as the razor passed over his cheek. The colonel's eyes were closed, or he might have observed the sudden gleam of interest that broke through the barber's mask of self-effacement, like a flash of lightning from a clouded sky. Involuntarily the razor remained poised in midair, but, in less time than it takes to say it, was moving again, swiftly and smoothly, over the colonel's face. To shave a talking man required a high degree of skill, but they were both adepts, each in his own trade—the barber at shaving, the colonel at talking.

"The girl was guilty of some misconduct, and my mother reprimanded her and sent her home. She complained to her father, and he came to see my mother about it. He was insolent, offensive and threatening. I came into the room and ordered him to leave it. Instead of obeying, he turned on me in a rage, suh, and threatened me. I drew my revolver and shot him. The result was unfortunate; but he and his people learned a lesson. We had no further trouble with bumptious niggers in our town."

"And did you have no trouble in the matter?" asked the judge.

"None, suh, to speak of. There were proceedings, but they were the merest formality. Upon my statement, confirmed by that of my mother, I was discharged by the examining magistrate, and the case was never even reported to the grand jury. It was a clear case of self-defense."

The barber had heard the same story, with some details ignored or forgotten by the colonel. It was the barber's father who had died at the colonel's hand, and for many long years the son had dreamed of this meeting.

He remembered the story in this wise: His father had been a slave. Freed by the Civil War, he had entered upon the new life with the zeal and enthusiasm of his people at the dawn of liberty, which seem, in the light of later discouragements, so pathetic in the retrospect. The chattel aspired to own property; the slave, forbidden learning, to educate his children. He had worked early and late, had saved his money with a thrift equal to that of a German

immigrant, and had sent his children regularly to school.

The girl—the barber remembered her very well—had been fair of feature, soft of speech and gentle of manner, a pearl among pebbles. One day her father's old mistress had met him on the street and, after a kindly inquiry about his family, had asked if she might hire his daughter during the summer, when there was no school. Her own married daughter would be visiting her, with a young child, and they wanted some neat and careful girl to nurse the infant.

"Why, yas ma'am," the barber's father had replied. "I reckon it might be a good thing fer Alice. I wants her ter be a teacher; but she kin l'arn things from you, ma'am, that no teacher kin teach her. She kin l'arn manners, ma'am, an' white folks' ways, and nowhere better than in yo' house."

So Alice had gone to the home of her father's former mistress to learn white folks' ways. The lady had been kind and gracious. But there are ways and ways among all people.

When she had been three weeks in her new employment her mistress's son —a younger brother of the colonel— came home from college. Some weeks later Alice went home to her father. Who was most at fault the barber never knew. A few hours afterward the father called upon the lady. There was a stormy interview. Things were said to which the ears of white ladies were unaccustomed from the lips of black men. The elder son had entered the room and interfered. The barber's father had turned to him and exclaimed angrily:

"Go 'way from here, boy, and don't talk ter me, or I'm liable ter harm you."

The young man stood his ground. The Negro advanced menacingly toward him. The young man drew his ready weapon and fatally wounded the Negro—he lived only long enough, after being taken home, to gasp out the facts to his wife and children.

The rest of the story had been much as the colonel had related it. As the barber recalled it, however, the lady had not been called to testify, but was ill at the time of the hearing, presumably from the nervous shock.

That she had secretly offered to help the family the barber knew, and that her help had been rejected with cold hostility. He knew that the murderer went unpunished, and that in later years he had gone into politics, and became the leader and mouthpiece of his party. All the world knew that he had ridden into power on his hostility to Negro rights.

The barber had been a mere boy at the time of his father's death, but not too young to appreciate the calamity that had befallen the household. The family was broken up. The sordid details of its misfortunes would not be interesting. Poverty, disease and death had followed them, until he alone was left. Many years had passed. The brown boy who had wept beside his father's bier, and who had never forgotten nor forgiven, was now the grave-faced, keen-eyed, deft-handed barber, who held a deadly weapon at the throat of his father's slayer.

How often he had longed for this hour! In his dreams he had killed this man a hundred times, in a dozen ways. Once, when a young man, he had gone to meet him, with the definite purpose of taking his life, but chance had kept them apart. He had imagined situations where they might come face to face; he would see the white man struggling in the water; he would have only to stretch forth his hand to save him; but he would tell him of his hatred and let him drown. He would see him in a burning house, from which he might rescue him; and he would call him murderer and let him burn! He would see him in the dock for murder of a white man, and only his testimony could save him, and he would let him suffer the fate that he doubly deserved! He saw a vision of his father's form, only an hour before thrilling with hope and energy, now stiff and cold in death; while under his keen razor lay the neck of his enemy, the enemy, too, of his race, sworn to degrade them, to teach them, if need be, with the torch and with the gun, that their place was at the white man's feet, his heel upon their neck; who held them in such contempt that he could speak as he had spoken in the presence of one of them. One stroke of the keen blade, a deflection of half an inch in its course, and a murder would be avenged, an enemy destroyed!

For the next sixty seconds the barber heard every beat of his own pulse, and the colonel, in serene unconsciousness, was nearer death than he had ever been in the course of a long and eventful life. He was only a militia colonel, and had never been under fire, but his turbulent political career had been passed in a community where life was lightly valued, where hot words were often followed by rash deeds, and murder was tolerated as a means of private vengeance and political advancement. He went on talking, but neither the judge nor the barber listened, each being absorbed in his own thoughts.

To the judge, who lived in a community where Negroes voted, the colonel's frankness was a curious revelation. His language was choice, though delivered with the Southern intonation, his tone easy and conversational, and, in addressing the barber directly, his manner had been courteous enough. The judge was

interested, too, in watching the barber, who, it was evident, was repressing some powerful emotion. It seemed very probable to the judge that the barber might resent this cool recital of murder and outrage. He did not know what might be true of the Negroes in the South, but he had been judge of a police court in one period of his upward career, and he had found colored people prone to sudden rages, when under the influence of strong emotion, handy with edged tools, and apt to cut thick and deep, nor always careful about the color of the cuticle. The barber's feelings were plainly stirred, and the judge, a student of human nature, was curious to see if he would be moved to utterance. It would have been no novelty—patrons of the shop often discussed race questions with the barber. It was evident that the colonel was trying an experiment to demonstrate his contention in the lobby above. But the judge could not know the barber's intimate relation to the story, nor did it occur to him that the barber might conceive any deadly purpose because of a purely impersonal grievance. The barber's hand did not even tremble.

In the barber's mind, however, the whirlwind of emotions had passed lightly over the general and settled upon the particular injury. So strong, for the moment, was the homicidal impulse that it would have prevailed already had not the noisy opening of the door to admit a patron diverted the barber's attention and set in motion a current of ideas which fought for the colonel's life. The barber's glance toward the door, from force of habit, took in the whole shop. It was a handsome shop, and had been to the barber a matter of more than merely personal pride. Prominent among a struggling people, as yet scarcely beyond the threshold of citizenship, he had long been looked upon, and had become accustomed to regard himself, as a representative man, by whose failure or success his race would be tested. Should he slay this man now beneath his hand, this beautiful shop would be lost to his people. Years before the whole trade had been theirs. One by one the colored master barbers, trained in the slovenly old ways, had been forced to the wall by white competition, until his shop was one of the few good ones remaining in the hands of men of his race. Many an envious eye had been cast upon it. The lease had only a year to run. Strong pressure, he knew, had been exerted by a white rival to secure the reversion. The barber had the hotel proprietor's promise of a renewal; but he knew full well that should he lose the shop no colored man would succeed him; a center of industry, a medium of friendly contact with white men, would be lost to his people—many a good turn had the barber been able to do for them while he had the ear—literally had the ear—of some influential citizen, or held some aspirant for public office by the throat. Of the ten barbers in the shop all but one were married, with families dependent upon them for support. One was sending a son to college; another was buying a home. The unmarried one was in his spare hours studying a profession, with the hope of returning to practice it among his people in a Southern State. Their fates were all, in a measure, dependent upon the proprietor of the shop. Should he yield to the impulse which was swaying him their livelihood would be placed in jeopardy. For what white man, while the memory of this tragic event should last,

Arranged and photographed by Walter Baker, New York

"If the razor went to its goal he would not be able to fulfil his promise to Daisy!" (p. 252.)

would trust his throat again beneath a Negro's razor?

Such, however, was the strength of the impulse against which the barber was struggling that these considerations seemed likely not to prevail. Indeed, they had presented themselves to the barber's mind in a vague, remote, detached manner, while the dominant idea was present and compelling, clutching at his heart, drawing his arm, guiding his fingers. It was by their mass rather than by their clearness that these restraining forces held the barber's arm so long in check—it was society against self, civilization against the primitive instinct, typifying, more fully than the barber could realize, the great social problem involved in the future of his race.

He had now gone once over the colonel's face, subjecting that gentleman to less discomfort than he had for a long time endured while undergoing a similar operation. Already he had retouched one cheek and had turned the colonel's head to finish the other. A few strokes more and the colonel could be released with a close shave—how close he would never know!—or, one stroke, properly directed, and he would never stand erect again! Only the day before the barber had read, in the newspapers, the account of a ghastly lynching in a Southern State, where, to avenge a single provoked murder, eight Negroes had bit the dust and a woman had been burned at the stake for no other crime than that she was her husband's wife. One stroke and there would be one less of those who thus wantonly played with human life!

The uplifted hand had begun the deadly downward movement—when, one of the barbers dropped a shaving cup, which was smashed to pieces on the marble floor. Fate surely fought for the colonel—or was it for the barber? Involuntarily the latter stayed his hand—instinctively his glance went toward the scene of the accident. It was returning to the upraised steel, and its uncompleted task, when it was arrested by Daisy's doll, hanging upon the gilded spike where he had left it.

If the razor went to its goal he would not be able to fulfil his promise to Daisy! She would wait for him at the corner, and wait in vain! If he killed the colonel he himself could hardly escape, for he was black and not white, and this was North and not South, and personal vengeance was not accepted by the courts as a justification for murder. Whether he died or not, he would be lost to Daisy. His wife was dead, and there would be no one to take care of Daisy. His own father had died in defense of his daughter; he must live to protect his own. If there was a righteous God, who divided the evil from the good, the colonel would some time get his just deserts. Vengeance was God's; it must be left to Him to repay!

The jointed doll had saved the colonel's life. Whether society had conquered self or not may be an open question, but it had stayed the barber's hand until love could triumph over hate!

The barber laid aside the razor, sponged off the colonel's face, brought him, with a movement of the chair, to a sitting posture, brushed his hair, pulled away the cloths from around his neck, handed him a pasteboard check for the amount of his bill, and stood rigidly by his chair. The colonel adjusted his collar, threw down a coin equal to double the amount of his bill and, without waiting for the change, turned with the judge to leave the shop. They had scarcely reached the door leading into the hotel lobby when the barber, overwrought by the long strain, collapsed heavily into the nearest chair.

"Well, judge," said the colonel, as they entered the lobby, "that was a good shave. What a sin it would be to spoil such a barber by making him a postmaster! I didn't say anything to him, for it don't do to praise a nigger much—it's likely to give him the big head—but I never had," he went on, running his hand appreciatively over his cheek, "I never had a better shave in my life. And I proved my theory. The barber is the son of the nigger I shot."

The judge was not sure that the colonel had proved his theory, and was less so after he had talked, a week later, with the barber. And, although the colonel remained at the Wyandot for several days, he did not get shaved again in the hotel barber shop.

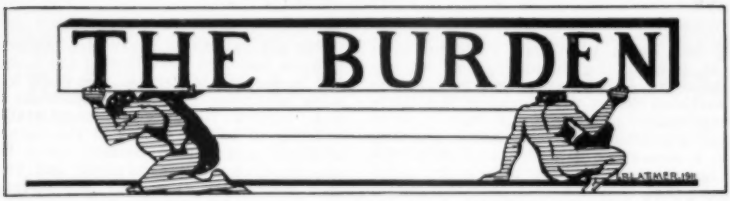
RONDEAU.

When April's here and meadows wide
Once more with spring's sweet growths are pied,
I close each book, drop each pursuit,
And past the brook, no longer mute,
I joyous roam the countryside.

Look, here the violets shy abide
And there the mating robins hide—
How keen my senses, how acute,
When April's here!

And list! down where the shimmering tide
Hard by that farthest hill doth glide,
Rise faint strains from shepherd's flute,
Pan's pipes and Berecyntian lute.
Each sight, each sound fresh joys provide
When April's here.

JESSIE FAUSET.



LAND LEASE WHICH NEGRO TENANTS ARE REQUIRED TO SIGN IN ALABAMA.

Said tenant further agrees that until the rent, and advances, if any, are paid to the owner, to have all the cotton made on the premises during the term of this lease ginned at any ginnery or stored at any place in said county the owner may designate, and to turn over to the owner the receipts for each bale, to hold until sold.

It is further agreed to between the parties to this contract that no alterations or repairs are to be made in, on or to the premises, without the written consent of the owner, and that the tenant shall first pay for all advances made by or due to the owner, and then pay the rent due under this contract.

Said tenant further agrees that if he violates this contract, or neglects or abandons or fails (or in the owner's judgment violates this contract or fails) to properly work or cultivate the land early or at the proper times, or in case he should become physically or legally incapacitated from working said lands, or should die during the term of this lease, or fails to gather or save the crops when made, or fails to pay the rents, or advances made by the owner when due, then in case of any such failures, the owner is hereby authorized to take full possession of said premises, crops and improvements, in which event this contract may become void and cancelled at the owner's option, and all indebtedness by the tenant for advances or rent shall at once become due and payable to the owner, who may treat them as due and payable, without further notice to the tenant; and the tenant hereby agrees to surrender the quiet and peaceable possession of said premises to the owner at said time, in which event the owner is hereby authorized by the tenant to take possession of said premises, and transfer, sell or dispose of all thereon the tenant has any interest in, and this lease, together with all work done and all improvements or crops on or gathered from said premises in which said tenant may have any interest, in such manner and at such times as he (the owner) may deem best without further notice to said tenant, this contract being sufficient notice; and in order to entitle the owner to do so, it shall not be necessary to give any notice of any failure or violation of this contract by the tenant, or to make any demand for said premises, the execution of this contract or lease, signed by the said owner and tenant, which is hereby acknowledged, being sufficient notice of defalcation on the part of the tenant, and of the owner's demand for possession of the premises, and shall be so construed between the parties hereto, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE "JIM CROW" CAR.

Interstate Commerce Commission,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: Some time ago in answer to complaints from colored citizens, I understand that your commission said that the interstate travelers of color would have equal accommodations. I have had numerous difficulties in securing Pullman sleeper-car accommodations in all parts of the South.

On Thursday night, December 7th, I purchased a ticket from Pensacola, Florida, to Savannah, Georgia, by the way of the L. & N. and Seaboard Air Line. I had to be in Savannah at a meeting of the church conference, but on application at the depot I was refused; thus, the only way to make connections to arrive in Savannah on time was to take a passenger car as far as Montgomery.

Being an interstate traveler, I applied for a sleeper, but was told I could not secure one; understand there were any number who secured berths after my application. On my arrival at New Orleans I was told I could not secure a berth because of my color, although there were half a dozen persons who secured berths after my application; the result was that I had to remain over two hours longer for a slower train, which put me in Montgomery two hours after my train left for Savannah, which threw me about thirteen hours late in getting to Savannah, and cost me a loss of not less than $50. I have had so many refusals in different States that I send you this information that you may know that Negro passengers do not get equal accommodations, so far as sleeping and eating are concerned.

Yours very truly,

¶ Mr. Ralph W. Gloag, a Boston lawyer, gave to the Boston Record his impressions of an extended trip through the Southern States. He found it "distinctly unpleasant" to see young women in dress and deportment unimpeachable, standing in a street car behind a sign that read "For Negroes," and enduring the stolid gaze that an indifferent spectator might level at a pen of cattle. In a town in Missouri a crowd of white boys mocked and jeered a Negress in the same car with the whites, and kept up the cry of "Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!" until the train left. Mr. Gloag had listened to inquiries addressed to a Negro concerning his private life, and was taken through a black man's home without so much as "by your leave." In the rural districts, he says, killing is not murder, when the victim is a Negro and the slayer a white man. This is true, at least, in Southern Texas and in Oklahoma.

HOME FOR FRIENDLESS GIRLS.

One day in 1883, as two women were going along a Washington street, they noticed two little colored children who were eating out of a garbage can. Shocked at the sight, they began questioning the children and found that the mother was very ill and that they had for days sustained both themselves and her on food obtained in this manner. The women followed the children home, found their story to be true, and began to plan for the relief of the family. They tried to find a place where the children could be cared for until the mother's health was sufficiently regained to enable her to resume the care of her family. There was, however, no institution to meet the need of such cases. This led to the consideration of plans for some such home, the result being that a house was secured and a Home for Friendless Girls took tangible shape.

One of the pioneers of the work was Mrs. Caroline Taylor, who lost her life in service to the cause. The unexpired term of her office was filled by her daughter, Mrs. Teenie Pierre, who served as president for eleven years. It was under her administration that the work was brought to the attention of Congress, and interest in it was stimulated to the point where plans were formulated for the building of a regular institution. Some objection, however, was raised by a Mr. Herbert Lewis, who wanted the women to make the work a rescue home for fallen women. The women tried to make it clear to him that that was just the kind of work they were hoping to make unnecessary by beginning with the girls and forming in them proper habits, rather than trying to reform them after they had fallen, nevertheless, he failed to endorse the plan and the matter dropped.

For the past three years Mrs. Rosetta Lawson has been president of the home, and under her leadership the work has made gratifying progress. The home is now located in a good, comfortable building of twelve rooms at the corner of Sixth and Girard Streets, on a lot one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, which property they are buying.

THE AUSTRALIAN BLACK.

From an article by W. M. Burton, in The Sydney, New South Wales, Morning Herald, we clip the following paragraph:

"The treatment of our blacks in North Australia is dreadful in the extreme. In Kimberley the native is merely a dog and a slave. One man with whom I camped told me that to 'get rid of the rubbish' he made them a present of a poisoned bullock and then watched them die in dozens. In the Northern Territory the black is an outcast and pariah. The most heinous crime in the North is the bartering of the young female children. I have seen half-caste girls sold to Chinese for a few pounds of provisions. The old blacks will sell their young wives. On the large cattle stations, no one protects the young children, who are being brought up without education for one purpose. It is a scandal on our so-called civilization. The police patrol among these stations, and know what is going on. In no Man's Land girl children are sold from one man to another for a few pounds. The worst case of callous cruelty that came to my knowledge was where a man used to shoot the blacks for sport. He called it 'shooting on the wing,' as he shot them whilst running. The police acknowledged this to be the case, but they could not bring a case home. The Territory blacks are a fine race. Their lack of protection is a standing disgrace to Australia."

¶ The Philadelphia Record says: "In the London clubs and public houses men are talking this week about American savagery. Wondering Chinese in Shanghai and Peking are asking if this is the America which they have accepted as their special mentor. India, quick to draw historic parallels, is pointing out that in the days of the Moguls there was never a brutality like this one from the part of America called Coatesville. Turkey lifts her bloody hands in self-exculpation—there was never anything in an Armenian massacre to equal this. Five continents and the islands of the sea are pointing fingers of scorn at this country because of the black deed of one wild night in a Pennsylvania borough."

RICHARD LONSDALE BROWN

[Written for THE CRISIS and the New York Times.]

By M. D. MACLEAN

Last spring a boy, with portfolio under his arm, walked up an odd little street in New York and knocked at the door of Mr. George de Forest Brush, the famous artist. He was eighteen years old, and since that is not an age of wide worldly experience, and he knew Mr. Brush only through his work, it took some courage to make the brief journey from the corner to the studio door. Perhaps he would never have ventured if he had not been somewhat desperate.

RICHARD LONSDALE BROWN

He meant to put squarely to Mr. Brush the great question that would settle his life for him: "Do you think I can ever become an artist?" If Mr. Brush said yes then he would not change his fate with anybody in the world. If he said no, it was good-by to dreams and a return to such occupations as are open to young colored men with a good high-school education.

Richard Brown was his name and he came from Parkersburg, W. Va. He had been born in Indiana, but all his life had been spent among the hills of West Virginia. He had come to know and love those hills as few know and love them. To get away off from everybody and paint them had been his chief pleasure in life. He cared to paint nothing but landscape.

His parents had been ambitious for him and sent him to the West Virginia Institute, and there in the manual-training department he was taught house painting. He did well in his studies and well in his house painting, but it was

in his work in water colors that he won most applause. Everybody assured him he was remarkable.

Fortunately for Richard Brown, heaven had put his head on his shoulders in a very square and level fashion. Nearly any boy would have been quite content to accept the opinion of everybody about them. Most of us have a lurking suspicion that we are remarkable, and the suspicion rapidly becomes a conviction as soon as people begin to look on with approbation. Richard was pleased to be complimented, and he might have become quite satisfied with himself had the flame in his heart burned less steadily and clearly.

As it was he thought the matter out very sanely. He was certainly able to paint much better than other people he knew, but it was easy to shine where there are no rivals. It was true that Charleston thought him already a finished artist, but then Charleston, with all its advantages as a place of residence, could hardly be called a center of art. Young Richard was deeply disturbed about himself. He had an ideal, formed entirely from his fancy, for he had seen nothing of what landscape painting should be that could help him. It was vague, but he felt it to be true so far as he could formulate it, and he was sure he was a long way from attaining it.

In time this anxiety to know where he stood grew quite unbearable. Something had to be done, and he packed his bag and went to Pittsburgh. There, he knew, were pictures and a school. The first would tell him what he wanted to know and the second would help him to reach his ideal.

Pittsburgh was a revelation. In the institute he found many pictures and he studied there day after day. He worked in the school, too, but somehow he did not feel that things were going well with him. Before the perfection of the pictures he saw he was discouraged.

"Will I ever be an artist?" he asked himself, and he grew more and more restless and uncertain. Nothing satisfied him.

He must have been very wretched and unhappy, for he was a sensible boy and yet he did a very wild thing. He was convinced that New York, where great artists lived and great landscape paintings were collected, would settle his difficulties one way or the other. Counting his money, he found he could pay his fare to New York and have two dollars left over. Hardly stopping to consider what might happen to him when that small capital was gone, he took the train.

The cost of living in New York would be more than in Parkersburg, that he knew, but he was rather bewildered to find that to hire a room would alone require all his money. He had not, indeed, considered the matter very carefully, but this was a shock. He had the choice of a bed to sleep in and no food, or of food and no bed; naturally he bought something to eat.

The first night he spent in the trains of the elevated railroad. One can ride a long way for five cents and he rode the longest way three times, carrying his little bag of clothing and his precious portfolio. At the end of each journey the guard would yell "Hi, you there! Wake up! All out!" and the exhausted boy would struggle up from his cramped corner.

The next ten days are a good deal of a blank to him. He remembers that he ate buns and apples, as providing more food for a starving boy at a cost of five cents than anything else. He made a few pennies in one way or another, but he lived for the most part on his two dollars.

There was hardly an art dealer in New York the boy did not approach. He would have sold any of his paintings for ten cents and been thankful, but everywhere the result was the same. A colored boy of eighteen—who wanted to look at him? Nobody—not one dealer—took him seriously enough even to glance at his pictures. Some did not bother themselves to treat him with decent courtesy. He had absolutely nothing for his pains but disappointment, tired feet and an increased need for something to eat. Finally he got work house painting.

He spent every evening in the Metropolitan Museum. The pictures he found there stirred him as nothing else had ever done. Before the landscapes of the French school, Rousseau and Corot especially, he fairly worshiped. Any self-conceit he may have had fell away completely before them. He knew he was only at a beginning with a long weary road to travel.

Fate had undoubtedly determined to try Richard Brown to the utmost, for at this period of his vicissitudes she gave the threads of his already tangled existence another twist which had very nearly the effect of tying them up in an inextricable knot. At the moment when he was most discouraged, when the struggle most reduced him mentally and physically, he received an offer which meant comfort and usefulness. His old school needed someone to teach house painting and offered him the position. There he was squarely confronted with the question whether or not he had a right to sacrifice his youth to so far off an ideal, whether it would not be better and, above all, more honorable toward the parents who had done so much for him to settle down in Charleston,

teach for a living, paint for his pleasure, and fill his useful, inconspicuous, commonplace niche in the world.

To a conscientious boy, free from conceit, it must have been a hard struggle. In fact, it was so hard that he could not fight it alone and he might have given in had he not had his great ideal. He had seen the work of Mr. George de Forest Brush, and he had not only admired but had recognized that it was along somewhat similar lines that he himself should develop. He decided to call on Mr. Brush and ask him frankly whether he was running after a rainbow or whether he really might some day reach his goal.

So this was the history of Richard Brown who was knocking at Mr. Brush's studio door, that the oracle might speak and determine his future course.

Mr. Brush, fortunately, is by no means so haughty a personage as an art dealer's clerk, for he is much too busy to think about his fame in the world. So he invited his caller to come in and said he would be glad to look at his studies. Richard Brown took them out and held them up for inspection.

There was this quality in the young artist's mind, that all nature was so dear to him he never chose distinctly "pretty spots." He had gone out and painted what he saw all around him. There were winter scenes, with only a bare tree and dried grasses in the snowy foreground and the West Virginia hills misty and ghostlike in the distance. He had painted hillsides in the autumn, bleak and treeless, with perhaps a little cabin somewhere about, but never a human being. And everywhere he saw everything through the love of nature that was his passion above all else.

All his little sketches he showed Mr. Brush. That gentleman looked at them with interest and asked a few questions. Finally Richard Brown came to the fatal point and asked if Mr. Brush thought he could ever be an artist. To which the great man made prompt reply: "Why, my boy," he said heartily, "you are one now!"

Then he explained to Richard that Nature had given him, indeed, her inmost secrets, but that Art still had many things to teach him. Those things which teaching cannot give—the eye that sees and the heart that feels—these the boy knew, but other things having to do with some matters of technique he had to learn. However, even technically he had acquired a good deal. He had perspective, and his foregrounds, which artists may say are stumbling blocks to all beginners, were already good.

Thus Richard Brown was able to make his great decision. There was an end to anxiety; an end to the period of house painting, buns and apples, for Mr. Brush did more than give advice. He made the boy his pupil and in the goodness of his kind heart took him to his summer place in New Hampshire, that the boy might lose no time. Here all last summer he painted the New England landscapes with the same insight he had had in West Virginia, with his master nearby to help and criticise. He progressed so rapidly that at the end of the summer a dealer offered to take some of his work and exhibit it in his rooms on Fifth Avenue. Orders, too, had come in here and there, so that even financial success seems to have arrived. The boy's friends had looked forward to four or five years of study for him, and it was a little disconcerting to find him so soon on the road to independence. Richard Brown has, however, no disposition to overestimate his early success. The same clear flame that saved him before saves him still. He only rejoices that he is able to be independent and that he sees, not very far off, the possibility of helping others.

It was not long after the desperate pilgrimage to the studio of Mr. Brush that the young artist came in contact with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the members of the society were among his earliest friends and admirers in New York. It is, therefore, the privilege of THE CRISIS to give the first public reproduction of the work of which, the critics say, so much may be heard later—for, fortunately, one may write of Richard Brown frankly, since he has that heaven-sent gift—abiilty to see his own shortcomings.

Mr. W. Rothenstein, the well-known English artist, says of him: "The young artist was a charming fellow, and his work has very real and rare qualities. I was greatly pleased with it and pray that the naiveté and sincerity it shows will not be lost. He has a very precious gift—a vision all his own of nature which has a touching quality of beauty. I pray that he may be able to keep it. He wants all the encouragement he can get."

Although he lives, apparently, only for his art, it does not fill all the corners of Richard Brown's heart. He cares deeply, too, for his race, and he thinks much of its present of persecution and its possible future of success, especially along the lines of art. Artistic by instinct the white American is not, but the black American certainly is. No one disputes his musical talent and the day may not be long off when in painting, also, he will begin to be a factor. He needs the right environment to develop, like all other human beings, but here and there some gifted boy or girl by force of determination will find it as Richard Brown has done. To be able, some day, to help them is his greatest ambition.

The Chicago conference should be a matter of first importance to association members. For the fourth time we shall meet to discuss the Negro problem in America. New York and Boston have had notable gatherings, but we hope that, with our increased membership and our more central location, Chicago will have a larger conference than any that has been held before.

The program is in formation. On Sunday, April 28, the religious leaders of the city—ministers, priests, rabbis—are asked to speak on the national evil of lynching. On Monday afternoon it is hoped that Mr. Villard will be present and will open the conference. He will be followed by Dr. Du Bois, who will give a lecture with lantern slides, illustrative of conditions among the Negroes in the United States. Monday evening the meeting will be addressed by Miss Julia Lathrop, of Hull House, Chicago, Mr. I. M. Rubinow, Special Agent, Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C., formerly of the Imperial Russian Civil Service, and Mr. Chas. Edward Russell. Tuesday morning representatives from all the States are asked to report on legal and political conditions among the Negroes in their sections. On Tuesday afternoon there will be a reception at Hull House to members and their friends, and on Tuesday evening the city Negro, with especial reference to conditions in Chicago, will be the topic for discussion. Altogether, we can promise our audiences a thoughtful, interesting presentation of the larger aspects of the Negro problem in America.

If members outside of Chicago, who expect to be present, will communicate with the secretary of the conference, Mr. W. T. Allinson, 701 Fourteenth Place, every effort will be made to arrange for their stay in the city.

¶ The association has brought out another pamphlet, "The Views of a Southern Woman," by Miss Adelene Moffat; price two cents.

¶ One of our board of directors, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, spoke recently on the color question at Radcliffe College and at the Boston English High School. The principal of the high school wrote to our president, Mr. Moorfield Storey: "The girls were very much interested in what Mrs. Terrell said, and I am sure her address will help them to deal fairly with colored girls when they come in contact in after life." Dean Briggs also wrote that Mrs. Terrell made a strong impression and had an excellent audience. The N. A. A. C. P. is forming a lecture committee that shall begin this spring making engagements for its members to speak during the coming year. Work of this character has been done from the office, but a more comprehensive plan is necessary if we are to come before the public as we should.

¶ The Lewis incident, mentioned under "Opinion," has attracted considerable attention. The association wrote to Attorney-General Wickersham, thanking him for his determined stand against the illegal procedure practiced upon Mr. Lewis; and to the president of the American Bar Association, Mr. S. S. Gregory, protesting against the color discriminatien which he showed clearly, from his own statement, was the only reason for attempting to annul Mr. Lewis's election. We regret that, owing to a clerical error, one of our letters which received considerable publicity was addressed to the president of the New York Bar Association, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, who was not concerned in the controversy.

¶ We have received a number of letters congratulating us on our protest. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue, New York, writes to our chairman: "I have wanted to write to you for some days in order to tell you how I rejoice in your fine and strong appeal to the president of the American Bar Association." Mrs. Diana Belais, president of the Anti-Vivisection Society, writes: "I thank you heartily for having written this letter, and I beg that you may push the matter to the utmost limit, because a victory in this instance would, I think, mean a very, very great victory to this oppressed race." Our final word is that of the Boston Common which asks: "Dare the American Bar Association assert that a man who is fit to be a law officer of the United States is unfit to be a member of its body, just because, by accident of birth,

his color is black? Let us have a straightforward answer to this question."

¶ By the middle of April the association will move into larger quarters in the Evening Post Annex, 26 Vesey Street. The difficulty of carrying on the work of a National Association and editing and mailing a magazine that now prints 22,500 copies has been stupendous.

¶ Forty-nine persons joined the association in February, paying $189 in memberships. Twenty were from New York, fifteen from Massachusetts, ten from New Orleans and four from the West.

¶ The meeting in Washington, D. C., in the interests of the N. A. A. C. P. was an overwhelming success, and reflects extraordinary credit on its efficient organizers, among whom that indefatigable worker, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, may be specially named without disparaging the many others who co-operated toward securing the gratifying result. The gathering was held in the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, on Tuesday evening, March 19, 1912, the audience numbering more than a thousand, and including many of the leaders in the social, educational, industrial and professional life of the colored people of the city. Judge Wendell P. Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, presided. Music was furnished by the Howard Glee Club. A telegram of regret from Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois was read, sickness having prevented his attendance. The speakers were Professor Joel N. Spingarn, Miss Martha Gruening and Mr. James F. Morton, Jr., all of New York City. Professor Spingarn aroused tremendous interest through his account of the aggressive work of the association against specific acts of discrimination and injustice, dwelling especially on the work of the New York branch and the successes of the New York Vigilance Committee in enforcing the provisions of the Civil Rights Law.

Mr. Morton dwelt on the basic principles of agitation and education on behalf of human rights, and on the work of the association in counteracting the agencies devoted to the spread of race prejudice. Miss Gruening presented an admirable summary of the varied activities of the association not covered by the other speakers, calling special attention to the publication of THE CRISIS, the encouragement of such artistic talent as that of Richard Brown, the rising colored painter, the investigations into lynching and other forms of work.

Rev. J. M. Waldron then brought the whole matter to a focus by an appeal for personal work, to begin then and there. A lively response was manifested. Many subscriptions were taken to THE CRISIS, and a number of memberships secured to the N. A. A. C. P., for which a special collection was also taken. A large number signified in writing their intention to affiliate actively with the incipient local branch, and a meeting for permanent organization and for mapping out district lines of work will be called in the near future.

HISTORIC DAYS IN APRIL

3. Negro troops enter Richmond, 1865.

4. Richard Allen and Absalom Jones organized the first Negro aid and beneficial society, 1787.

5. Report of commission sent to San Domingo to investigate the question of annexation sent to Congress, 1871.

6. Second Continental Congress passed resolution against importation of slaves, 1776.

7. Lewis Hayden, fugitive slave and tireless worker for the advancement of the Negro, died, 1889.

8. New York prohibits slave trade, 1801.

9. Lyman Trumbull's Civil Rights Bill, which gave the Negro status in the courts of the United States, became law, 1866.

11. Richard Allen, first bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, consecrated, 1816.

12. Battle of Fort Pillow, 1864.

14. First abolition society in the United States organized, 1775.

15. Abraham Lincoln died, 1865.

16. Emancipation in the District of Columbia by act of Congress, providing for compensation of slaveholders, 1862.

17. Robert G. Shaw commissioned colonel of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, 1863.

18. Reconstruction constitution of Louisiana ratified, 1868.

19. Oberlin, O., founded, 1833.

20. Anti-Ku-Klux Act approved, 1871.

23. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler offers to suppress servile insurrection in Maryland, 1861.

27. Toussaint L'ouverture died, 1803.

30. The Fifteenth Amendment proposed, 1866.

L. M. HERSHAW.

TWILIGHT: AN IMPRESSION

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

The road followed part of the way between rows of stone walls on either side that enclosed meadows and fields, and groups of little woods straggling along, until they began to border the road with tall trees when the stone walls stopped. The trees stood bare in the crisp, still air at the top of the hill where the road began to descend, their branches tracing the lemon and orange of the western sky as I left them behind me; a low murmur of sighing winds mingled with the cracking of dry bark which sounded fainter and fainter as I descended where the woods abruptly ended. Before me lay the sea to the southeast, and circling the southern shore jagged cliffs fortified the sloping land against centuries of assaulting and angry foam. The sandy beach formed a crescent eastward, along which the road separated it from the alternate swamp, meadow and neld, stretching to the outskirts of the town in the distance that lay south and west, meeting the open uplands and valleys to the north.

Going down where the ocean lay at my feet, I inhaled a full breath of its pungent odors, and turned around to look upon the scene that silhouetted itself against the vivid western sky. On the crest of the hill the naked tree trunks cut their dark shadows into the infinitude of the heavens, and seemed not terrestrial things that had very firm roots in this earth. Already the rosy tinge reflected from the departed sun was filling the spaces between the trees, contrasting its delicate, immaterial color against the sombre hilltop. I turned from the miracle of the west to the mystery of the east; to the earth and sea and sky, melting their outlines, their definite and sharp formations of wave and rock and cloud, into the obliterating dusk creeping insistently from the east. A white sail stood against the obscurity bravely for a while, just above the horizon, where the green wall of the sea was fast changing to dark purple. First, its reflection of a slant of crimson from the west faded, then the gleaming sail itself became dimmer and dimmer until it melted into the afterglow. The meadows and fields kept their character longer than the sea. When the sun or moon is shining on the sea at any angle it is full of wonderful changes; atmosphere, clouds and winds give it color and motion and mood; twilight gathers all these effects into one modulation of tone and feeling, full of suggestion and spiritual symbolism, before passing into the monotone of night's darkness. It is different with the land. The slant of meadow and field, the delicate, shimmering outlines of distant hills against the sky, the pointed tops of trees, hollows and rocks, and winding roads, reflect by some inexplicable magic their shadowy presences against the soft suffusion of the dusk. The atmosphere becomes a woven veil of shadows; the wind undulates it as if the spirit of nature breathed meditatively through the changing hour, that was conscious in itself of that deeper change beneath appearances from which the seasons are born. And so I looked upon the land and saw Nature, as it were, in her private chamber of dreams, and felt vaguely the sea, passionate in its tranquil unrest, its innumerable and unending waves like a silent army of soldiery stealing upon the sleeping shores of the world.

It was neither day nor night; it was the pause between, the suspension of twilight. There was no sound, for the murmur of the waves upon the sands and the sigh of low winds that ran over the sere grass, mingled and became silence to that tense and physical passivity when all the senses become but one sense of spiritual feeling and vision. I walked on over the hardening road where neither man nor beast broke upon my solitude. I was conscious of no motion; I seemed to have fallen in with the rhythm of silence that bore me in perfect harmony with earth. There was the realization of not being alone, of having companions that the sound of

my lips could not reach, nor my hands touch, but who crowded my memory with images and filled my imagination with voices. I paused often and turned, as if to answer some question, just to catch a shadow settling along the ridge beside the road, and nothing beyond but the dim gray-blue silence for miles. I had kept my eyes leveling the landscape, discerning the contour of the road, defining against the distance a track of foam that marked the rim of the sea, but now, lifting them to the sky, I discovered a point of light breaking through the atmosphere; it twinkled and vanished, but gazing steadily, I saw it burst a white flame, the first star burning against the shadow of the sky. I watched a cluster bloom and shoot their javelin points of radiance into an infinity of silence. Turning my eyes to earth again, everything had drawn closer; the sea seemed to wash its liquid presence around my feet, my hands felt the hill-tops pressing their vague strength through the gloom, and the roadside fields rose in the foreground to shut out the rumblings of humanity. The light waned and the dusk began to menace. I had been lifted for one minute above time and eternity; I had felt the foregathering of all existence in the visible delay of night and day. The passage of the ivory gates had been traversed, and I saw the meaning of many things that had puzzled and escaped me in the crowded streets of cities. For I read clear in the twilight pause that was now a swift surrender, the secret at the heart of humanity. I had gone upon that twilight walk the messenger of man's mystery, his inexplicable relationship to nature, his still more subtle and inexplicable relationships with his kind. His very existence seemed to me symbolized in that scene of earth and sea. The presence of man exiled from it, nothing could be realized without his memory or the memory of him. Brain and will and spirit, he dominated the solitude and silence, the inviolable regularity of earth's rhythm, the law of wind and wave, all these worked according to his necessity, harnessed themselves to his perpetuation.

There was no more day. The darkness completely swallowed the hills; now and then a dull washing of waves upon the sands told me where the sea heaved its naked breast to the stars that spangled the wide heavens. The earth was in secret, hiding her memories in the silence and obscurity of night. I stood with no questioning spirit. I was satisfied to be, assured and confident of what was to be. The twilight I had known was the womb of time that conceived to-morrow, and I knew that man's life was the womb that carried the seed of immortality.

Conducted by Jessie Fauset

"Letters to Unknown Friends." Lyman Abbott in the Outlook, January 20, 1912.

Who says there is nothing new under the sun? Here comes Dr. Lyman Abbott with an entirely original exposition of the parable of the Good Samaritan and the man who had fallen among thieves.

For, he says, just as a man has a doubtful, if any, right to bring into his home an obnoxious guest, just so it is a moral blunder to introduce into a white or a Christian or a Protestant school —the school being merely a larger home—a Negro, or a Jew, or a Roman Catholic. These last, in the opinion of this white Gentile Protestant divine, evidently constitute, by the mere fact of their color, nationality and religion, the obnoxious guests. "This is not" (we quote, and the italics are ours) "the way to promote the spirit of human brotherhood. *It is not recorded that the Good Samaritan took the wounded traveler into his own home. He took him to an inn.*"

Surely we are behind the times then if we think this parable was meant to teach the lesson of charity to all. Let us, with Dr. Abbott, learn to consider it merely the prototype of American expediency.

"Robert Gould Shaw." William James. Oration delivered May 31, 1897, upon the unveiling of the Shaw monument. Reprinted in his "Memories and Studies," 1911. Longmans, Green & Co.

The oration is a masterpiece, not only in its rare felicity of expression, but also in the genuineness of the tribute which is paid to this hero. We do not think of Shaw too often, and many of us do not recognize to its full extent the pathos, the glory and the sacrifice of his beautiful young life. All this Mr. James sets before us with a new and vivid meaning. Think of a young man —he was only twenty-five—a favorite in a favored regiment, secure of his advance as a white man in a white man's war, suddenly flinging aside ambition, social position, assured preferment, to establish the honor of the despised and subject race which comprised the rank and file of the 54th Massachusetts! This even more than the loss of his life may be accounted the supreme sacrifice. How well he taught his new command to do their duty is shown by that memorable attack on Fort Wagner, in which Shaw led from first to last and in which five-twelfths of those gallant black soldiers followed their brave young leader to a glorious death.

It is impossible to read the oration without being struck by the singular appositeness of Mr. James' remarks to some of our latter-day conditions. Take, for instance, the following memorable passage:

"The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes; they always dwell within their borders. And from these internal enemies civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blest above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the people does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness; by speaking, writing, voting reasonably; by smiting corruption swiftly; by good temper between parties; by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partisans or empty quacks. Such nations have no need of war to save them. Their accounts with righteousness are always even; and God's judgments do not have to overtake them fitfully in bloody spasms and convulsions of the race."

"God's judgments!" How these words spoken in 1897 leap forward to meet the terrible needs of 1912!

"New Slavery at the South." A Negro nurse in the Independent for January 25, 1912.

The "old, unhappy, far-off things" of slavery are not so far away after all This wail from a Negro nurse shows how very much they are still with us. This woman is over forty years of age and she has been a servant in one capacity or another for thirty of those years. Her experience, which follows in brief, is that, she declares, of two-thirds of the Negroes of her town.

She lives "at service." Generally she works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Here is what she does: She nurses a little white child of eleven months, acts as playmate to the other three children, waters the lawn, sweeps the sidewalk, mops the porch and halls, dusts around, helps the cook, darns the stockings, is allowed a Sunday afternoon off once in two weeks, never goes to church, a lecture or an entertainment. She gets no consideration—for instance, in all those forty-odd years she has never been called Miss or Mrs. by any white person. The first name that occurs to her master or mistress will do for her, and if no name occurs there is always the term "nigger." Incidentally she, and the class of Negro women of whom she is the type, is expected—this, she cries, is the burden that lies heaviest on her heart—to submit graciously to any advances that her madam's husband or son may choose to make. She is the slave, body and soul, of the family for which she works.

Why doesn't she leave her "place," or save up her money and come away? Well, to begin with, before she had been in a new position twenty-four hours she would find that her old employer had sent over the telephone an account of her character and ability that would necessitate another change. And as to saving money—how much could you save if you, like her, received ten dollars a month for wages and were a widow with three children? Is it any wonder that she cries out for help, sympathy and the protection the law denies? As a last resort, she calls for aid on the Southern women, if only in their own defense, since it is *their* children that she and all these other poor slaves are rearing. Is it not "inevitable that the lives of these children will in some measure be pure or impure, according as they are affected by contact with their colored nurses?"

"Human Nature in Hawaii." Ray Stannard Baker in the American for January, 1912.

The subtitle of this article explains the entire situation in Hawaii. It runs: "How the Few Want the Many to Work for Them—Perpetually, and at Low Wages." Mr. Baker characteristically states the facts as they are and gives us a frank exposition of the white man's effort to exploit the brown. It makes interesting reading and one learns afresh that American law seems made to be juggled with. "One important official," writes Mr. Baker, "said to me boldly and naively: 'You see, these young Japanese born in the islands under the law are as much citizens as we are. They are, therefore, entitled to take up homesteads. The problem with us is to interpret the law so that none of them can get in.'" That last sentence has a familiar ring.

The

National Religious Training School and Chautauqua

extends a cordial greeting to the ministers of all denominations to be the guests of the School for one week, beginning July 6, 1912, for the purpose of discussing the following and kindred questions:

What is the moral condition of the people in your community?
Is crime on the increase? If not, what was the cause of its reduction?
What is the sanitary condition? What effort, if any, has been made to improve the sanitary condition?
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To what extent do you co-operate with the Civic Improvement Leagues?
Has settlement work been conducted to any extent in your community, and with what results?
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To what extent has the work of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. been effective in your community? Do you approve them?
What is the general fitness of the city and country school teacher?
What has been the attitude of the day-school teacher toward the Church and Sunday School?
What is the real religious condition of your people? Revivals, how conducted?

All ministers who intend attending this Conference should make it known at an early date, addressing the President, so that reservation can be made for them.

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